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a Hanna-Barbera Production



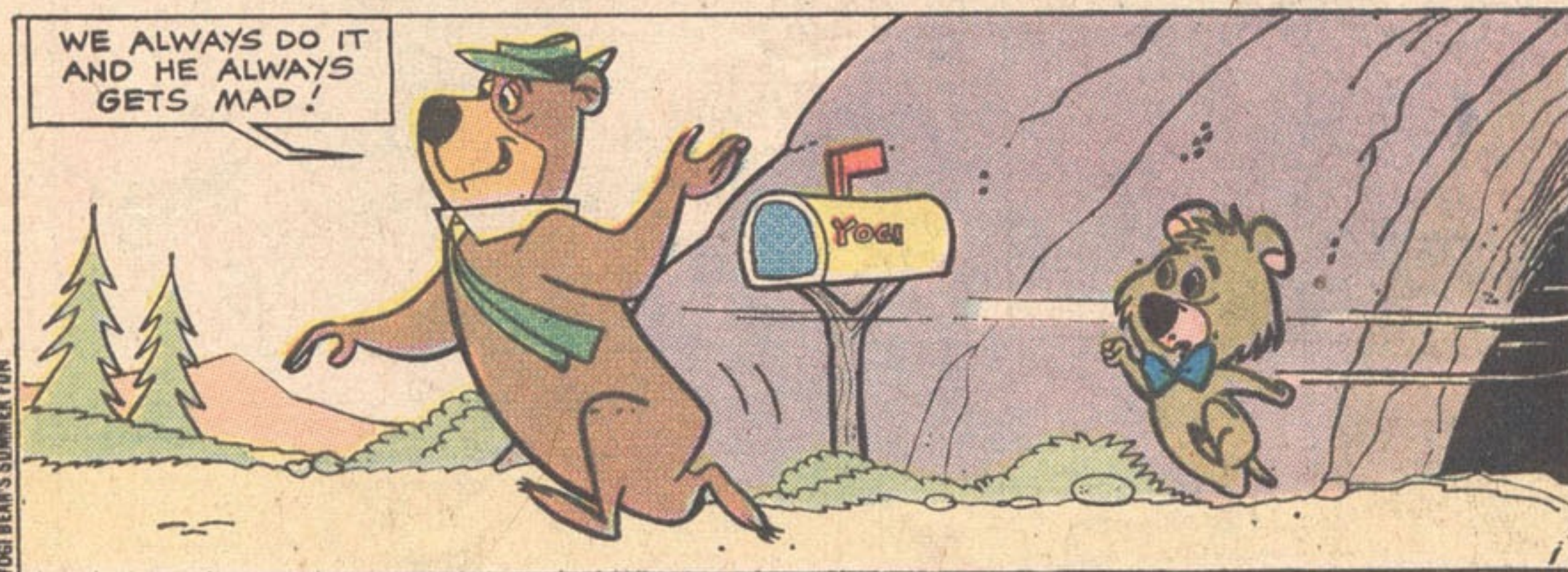
YOGI BEAR'S SUMMER FUN

25¢
GIANT
ISSUE
NO. 7
SUMMER

SPECIAL
Comicoloring
SECTION
SEE CENTER

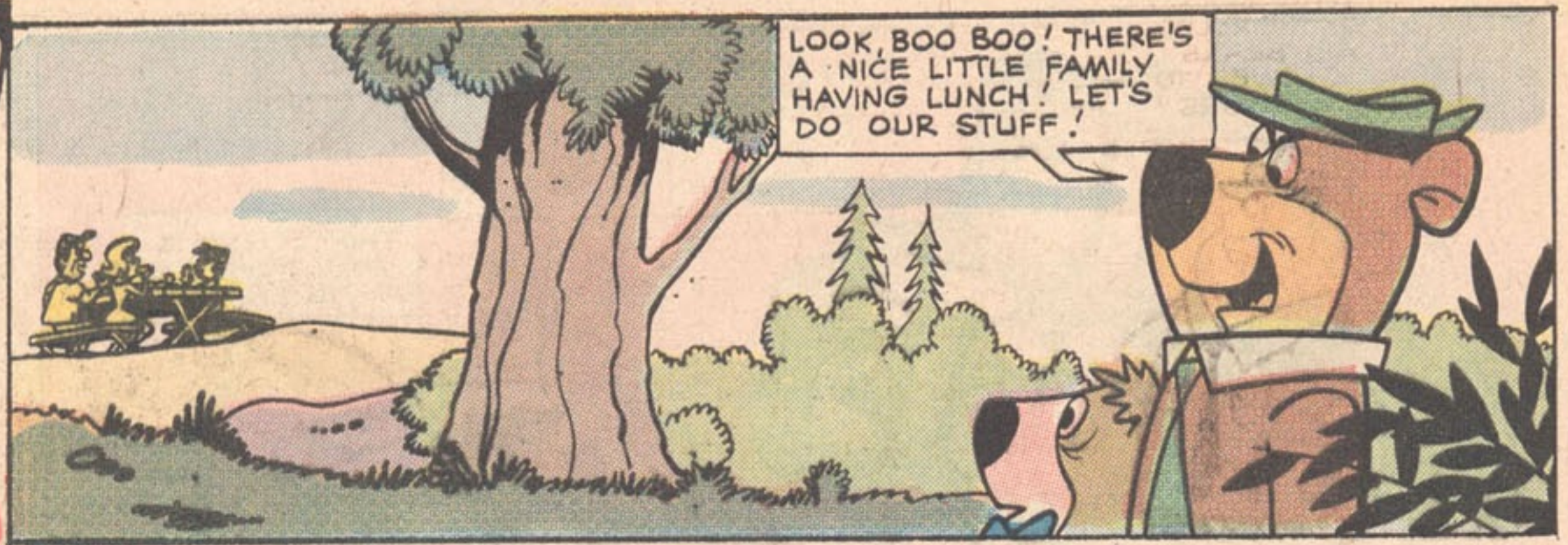


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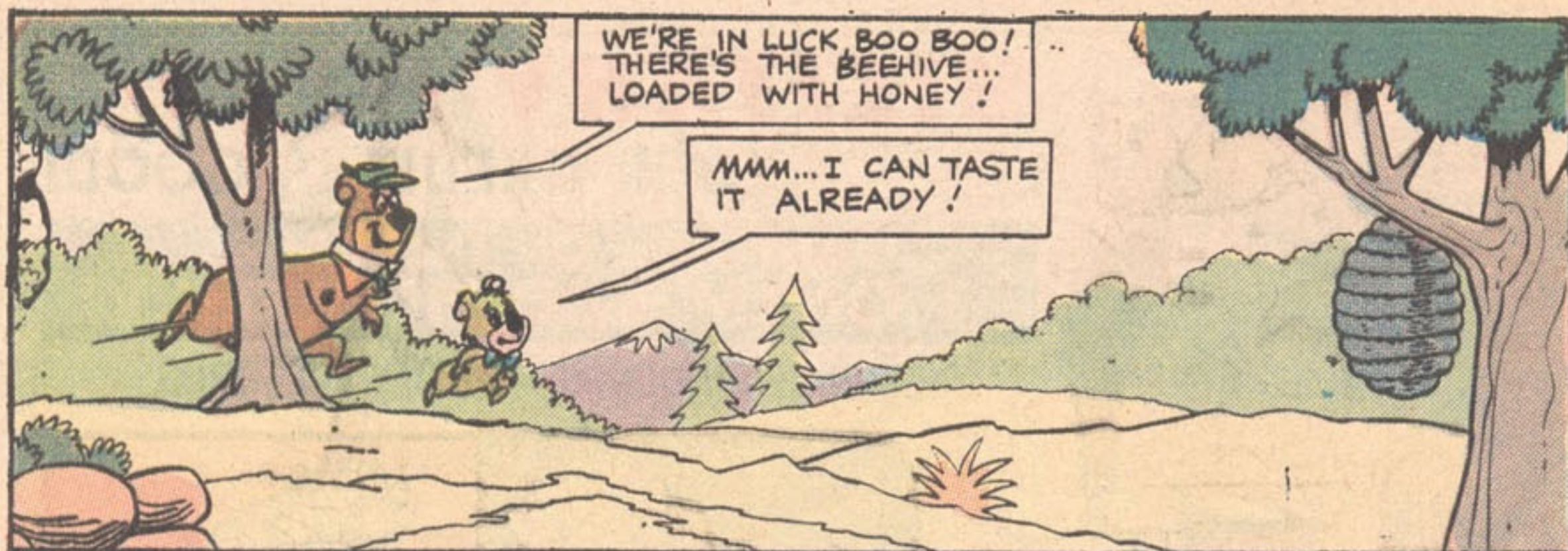
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CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



WE'RE IN LUCK, BOO BOO!
THERE'S THE BEEHIVE...
LOADED WITH HONEY!

MMM...I CAN TASTE
IT ALREADY!



Y'KNOW, BOO BOO, IT'S A
LONG TIME SINCE I STOLE
THE HONEY FROM A BEEHIVE!
I FORGOT HOW!

ME TOO,
YOGI!

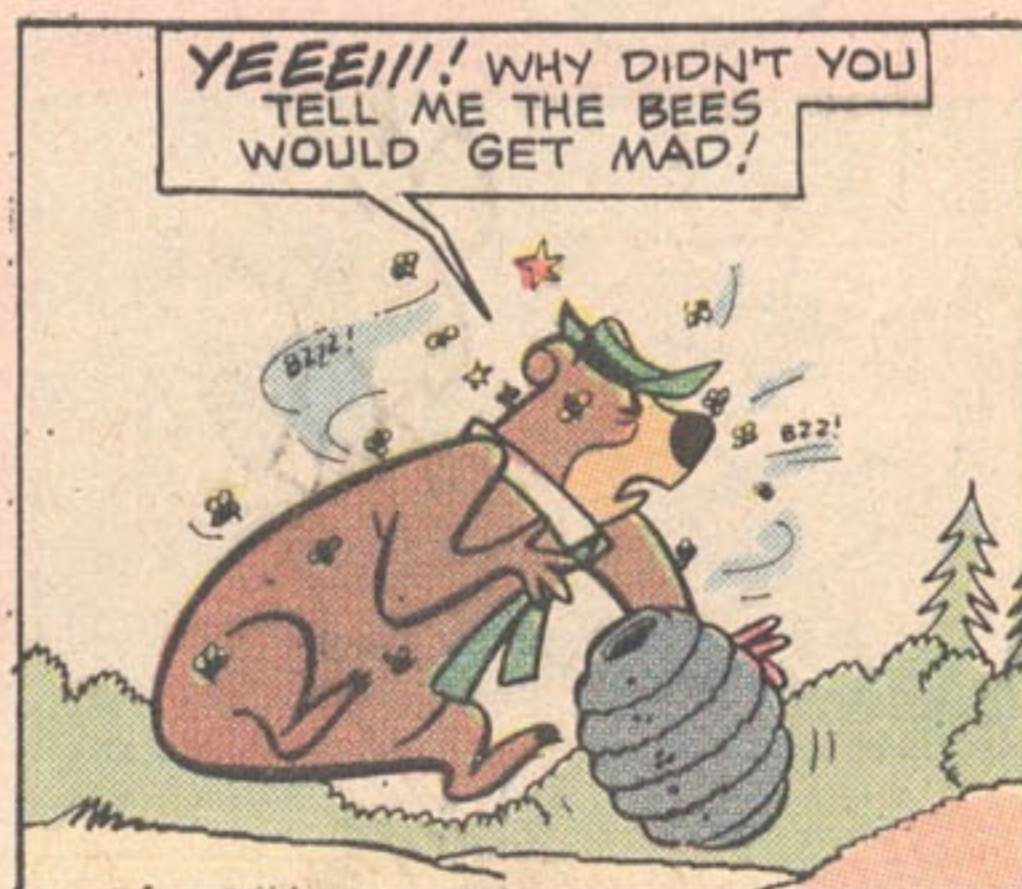


I GOT IT, BOO BOO! OL' YOGI'S
COMPUTER BRAIN CAME UP
WITH THE ANSWER! I JUST
SQUEEZE HARD AND THE
HONEY COMES OUT!



MAYBE THE BEEES
WON'T LIKE THAT,
YOGI!

SSSHH, BOO BOO! LET
ME CONCENTRATE ON
SQUEEZING THE
HONEYCOMB!

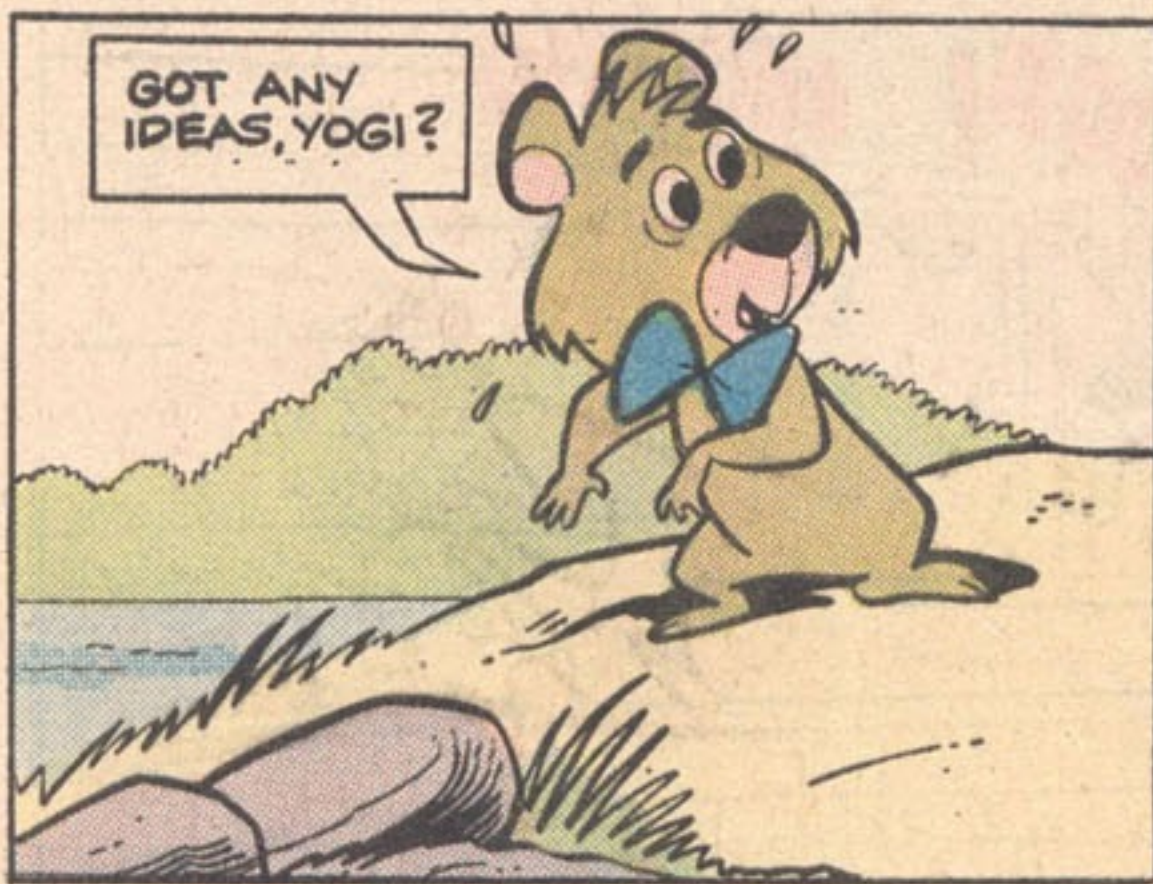


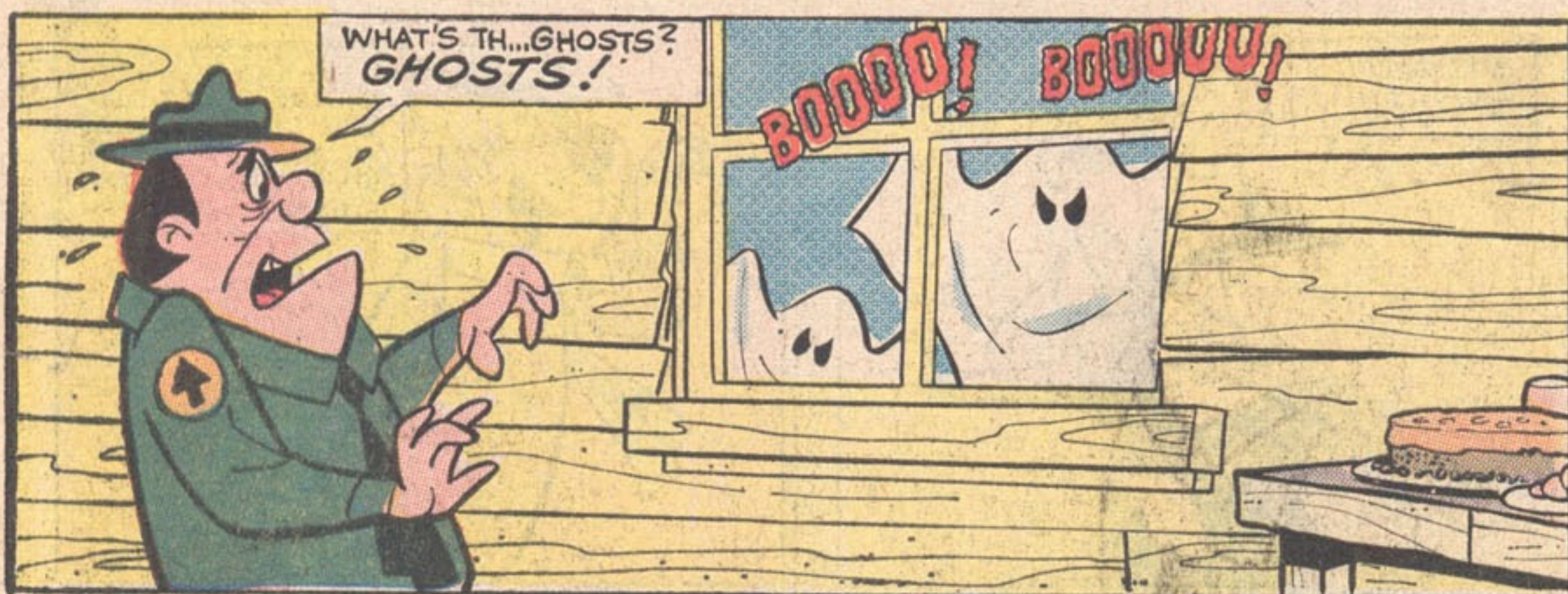
YEEEE!!! WHY DIDN'T YOU
TELL ME THE BEEES
WOULD GET MAD!

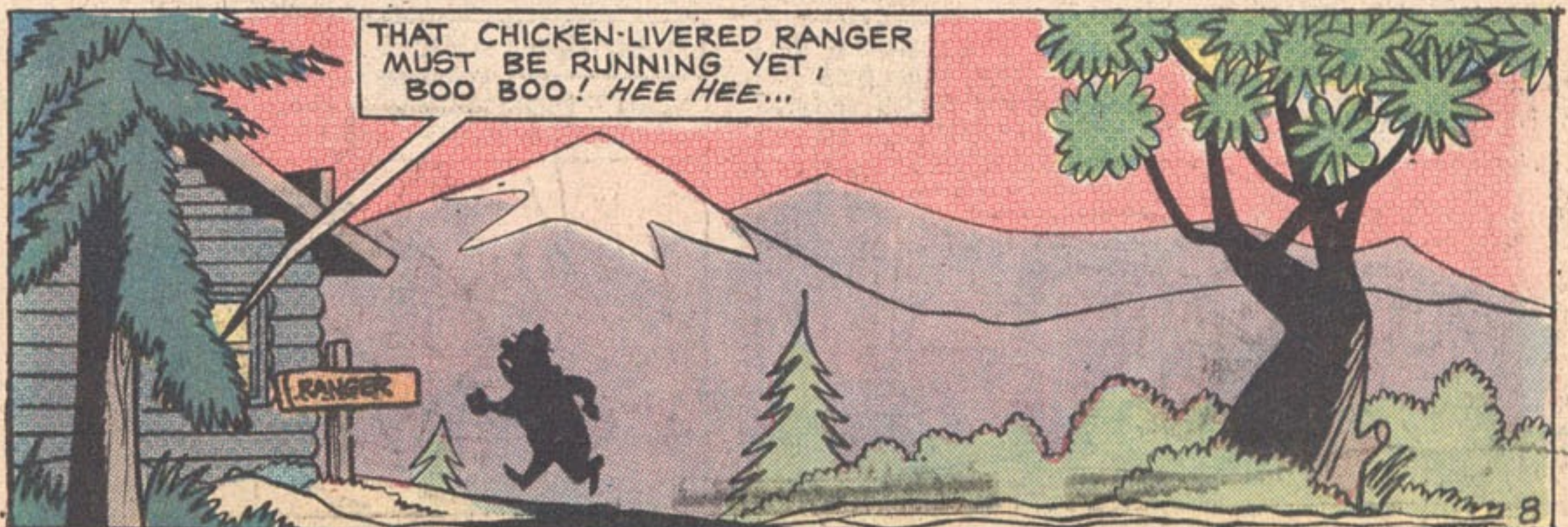


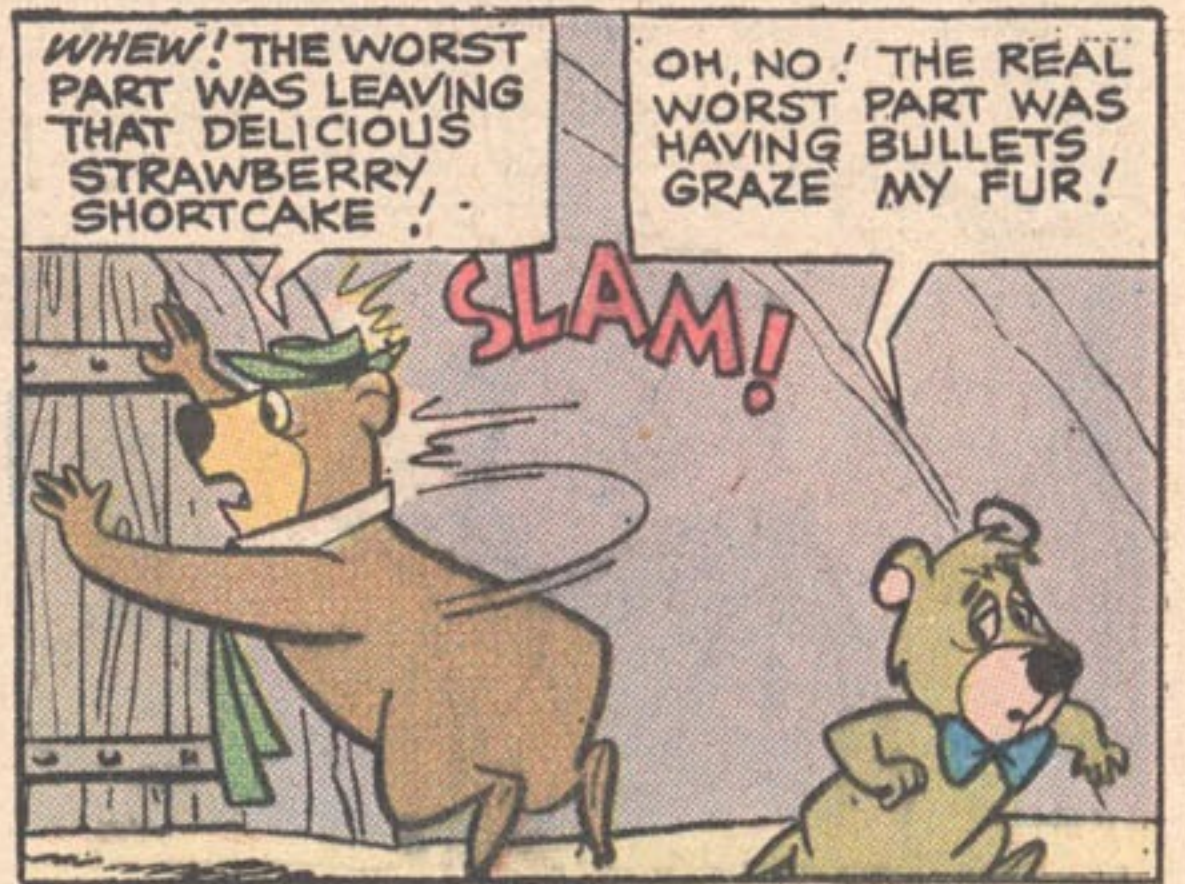
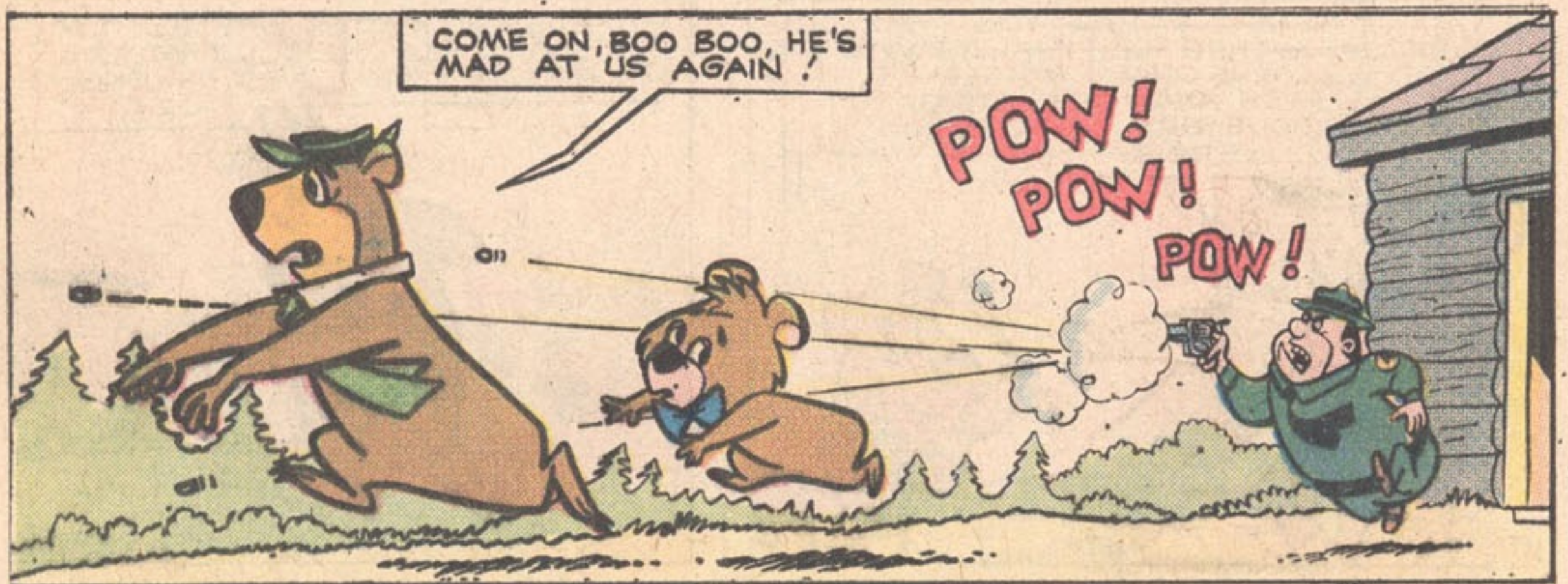
YOU TOLD ME TO
KEEP QUIET, YOGI!

YEEEE!!! CCHH!

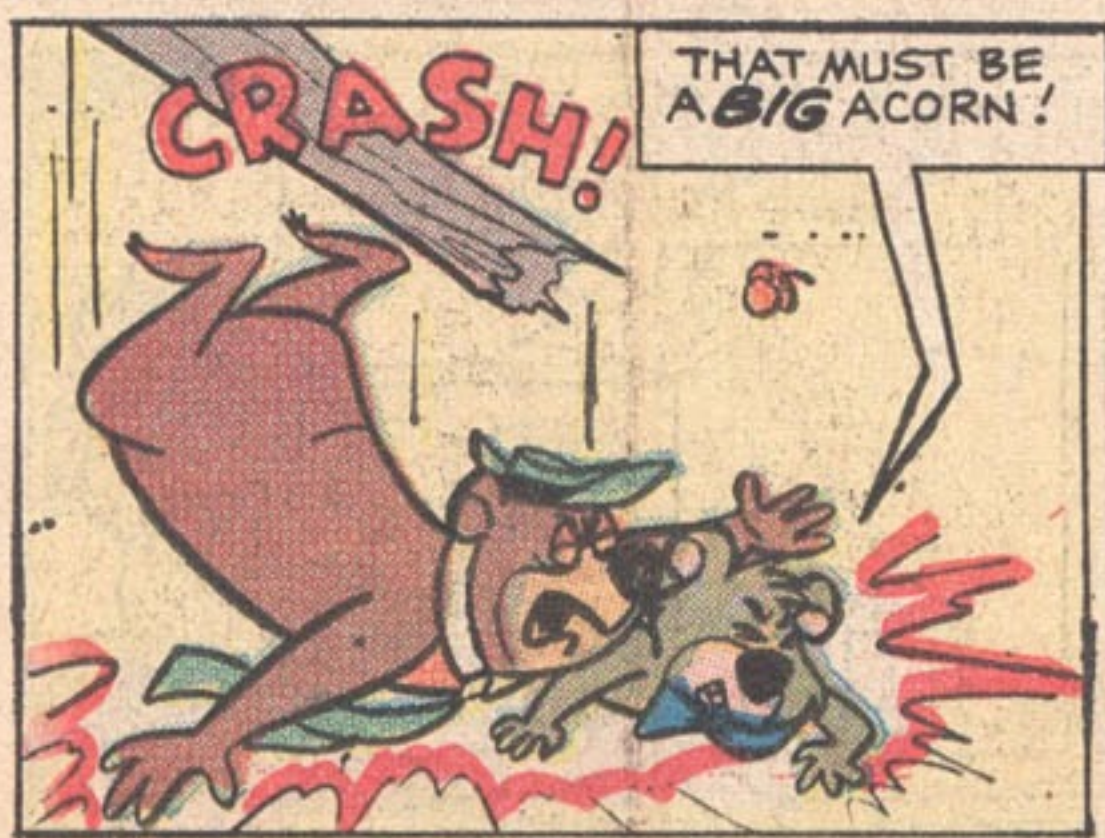
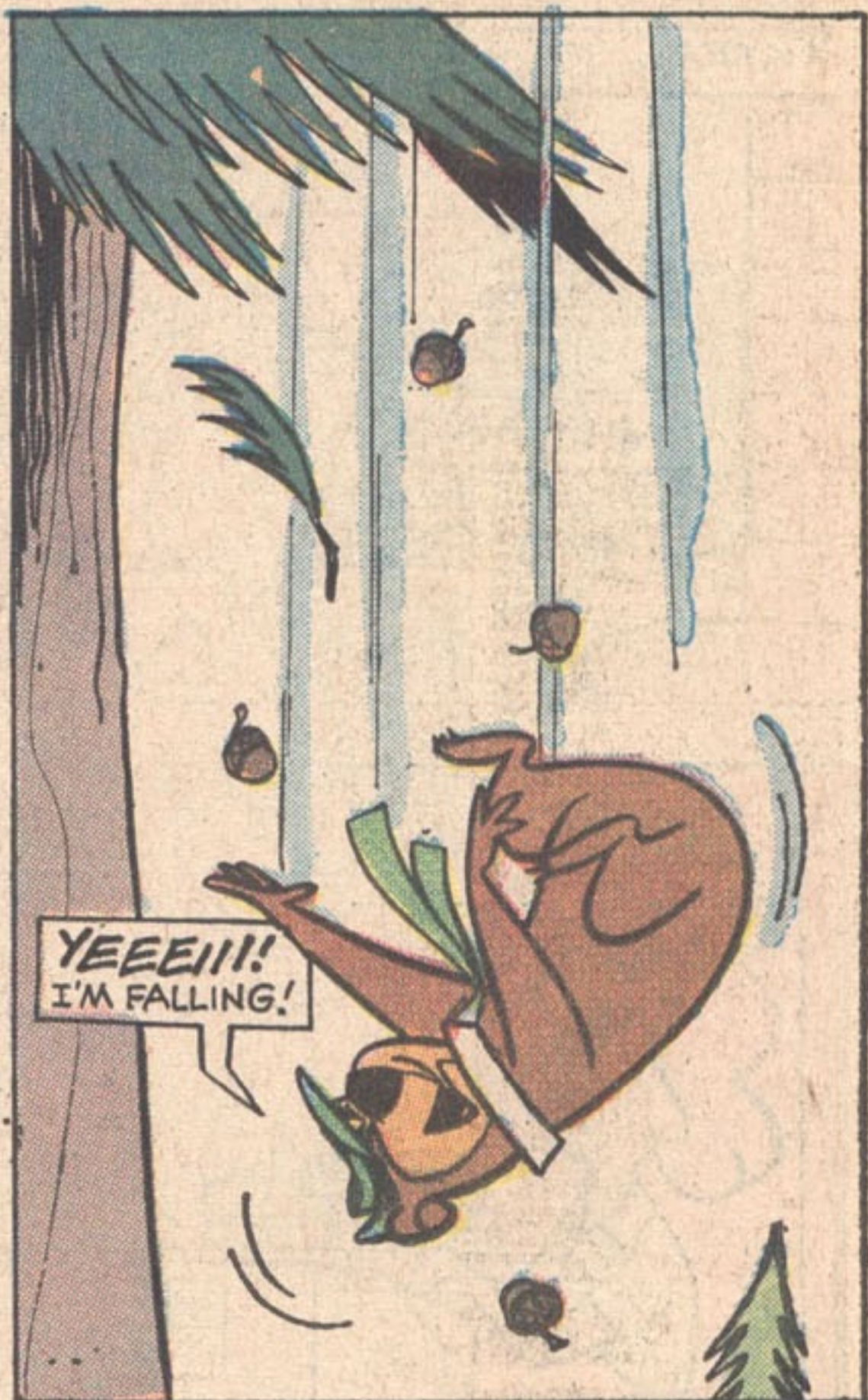














Yogi's COMICOLORING SECTION....

HI, KIDS,
COLOR MY PICTURE
ON THE NEXT PAGE
IN THE SPACES
WITH COLORS AS
NUMBERED!
TRY THE NEXT
ONES ON YOUR
OWN!

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 • LIGHT ORANGE. <input type="checkbox"/> | 6 • RED..... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2 • LIGHT GREEN.. <input type="checkbox"/> | 7 • VIOLET..... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3 • GREEN..... <input type="checkbox"/> | 8 • LIGHT BLUE.. <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4 • BROWN..... <input type="checkbox"/> | 9 • BLACK..... <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5 • YELLOW..... <input type="checkbox"/> | 10 • GREY..... <input type="checkbox"/> |

RAY
DIRGO

D-2041

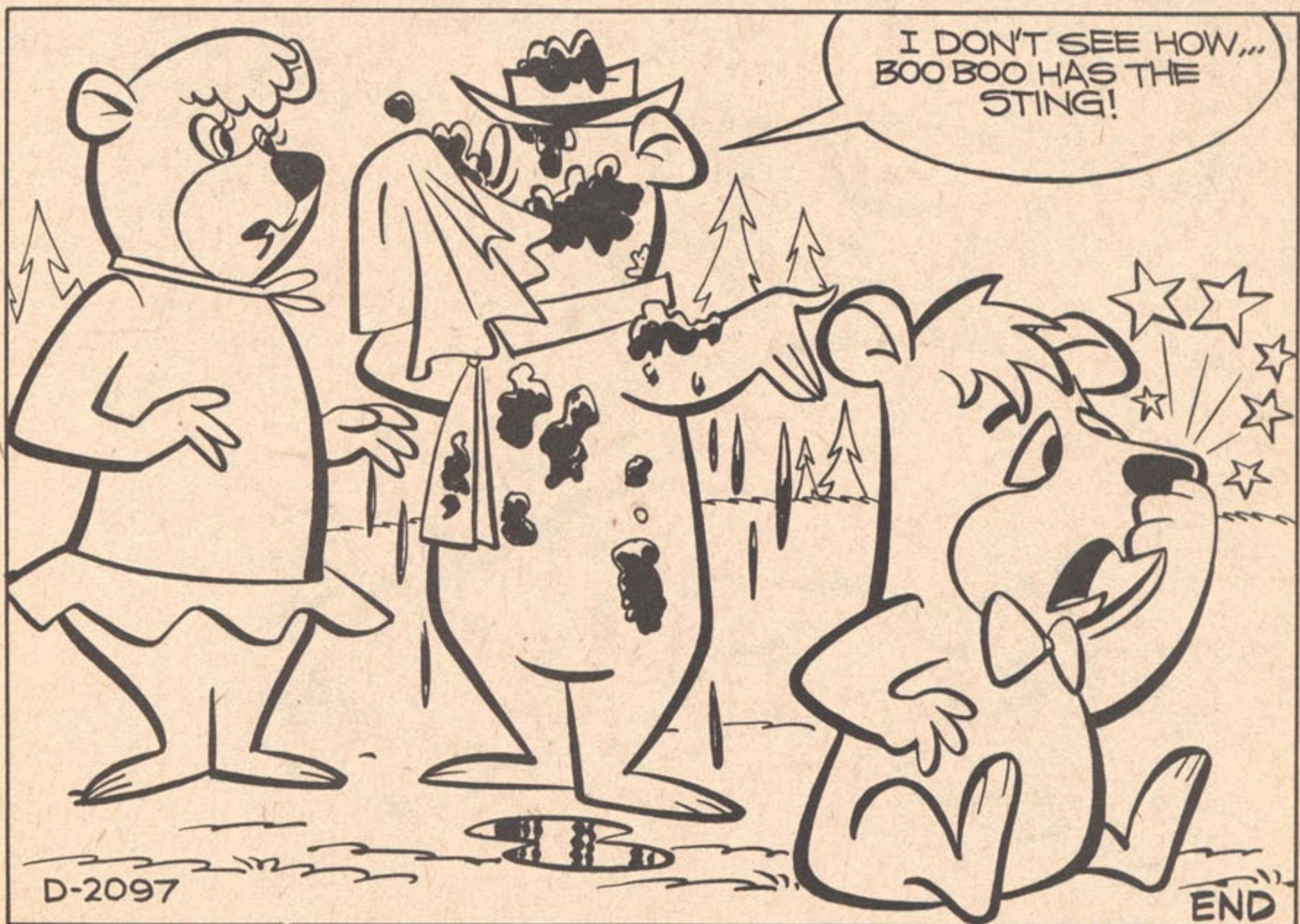
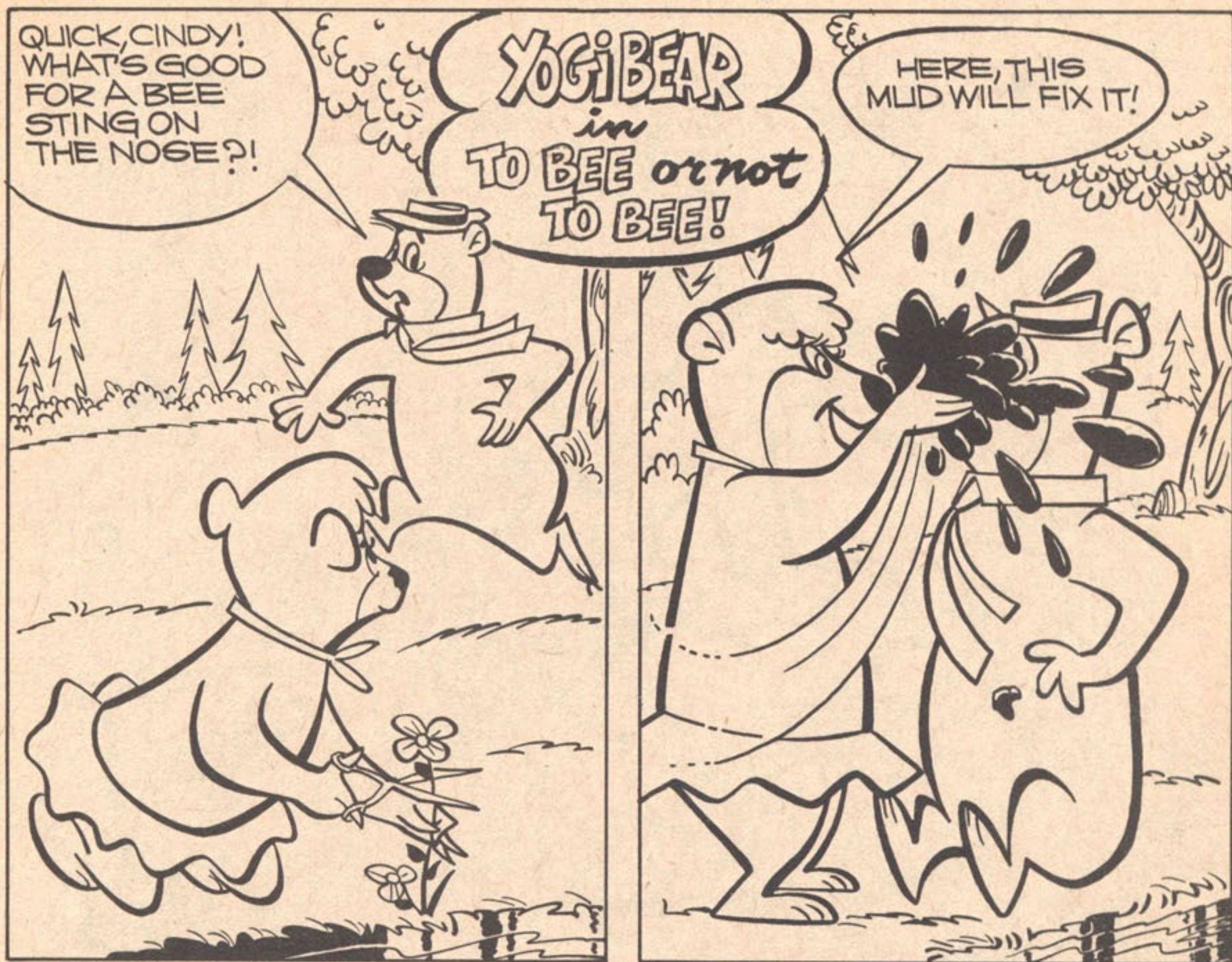
USE CRAYONS, COLORED PENCILS,
MAGIC MARKERS OR WATER COLORS...

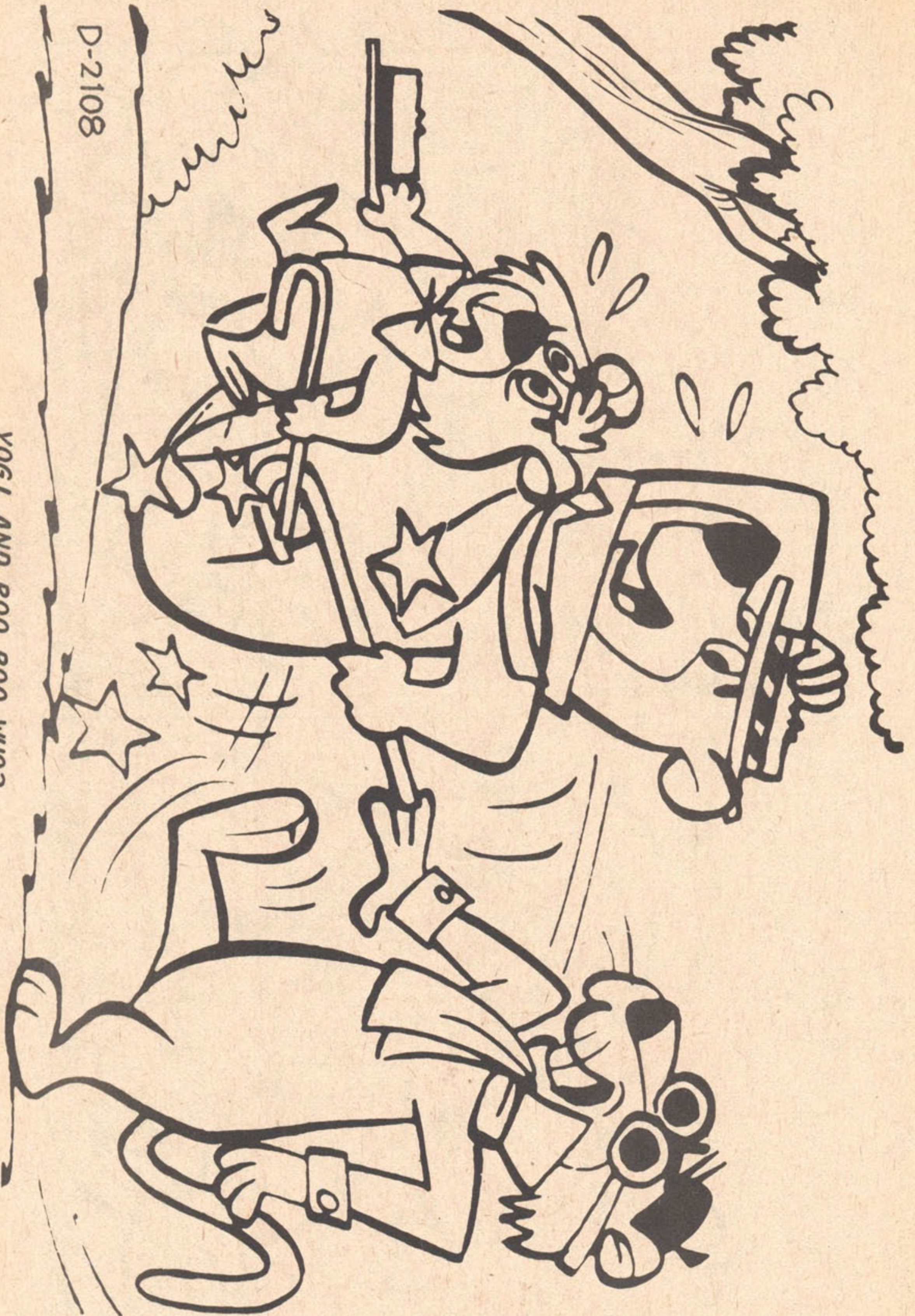


WHY CAN'T YOU TWO STICK
TO HONEY LIKE OTHER
BEARS!



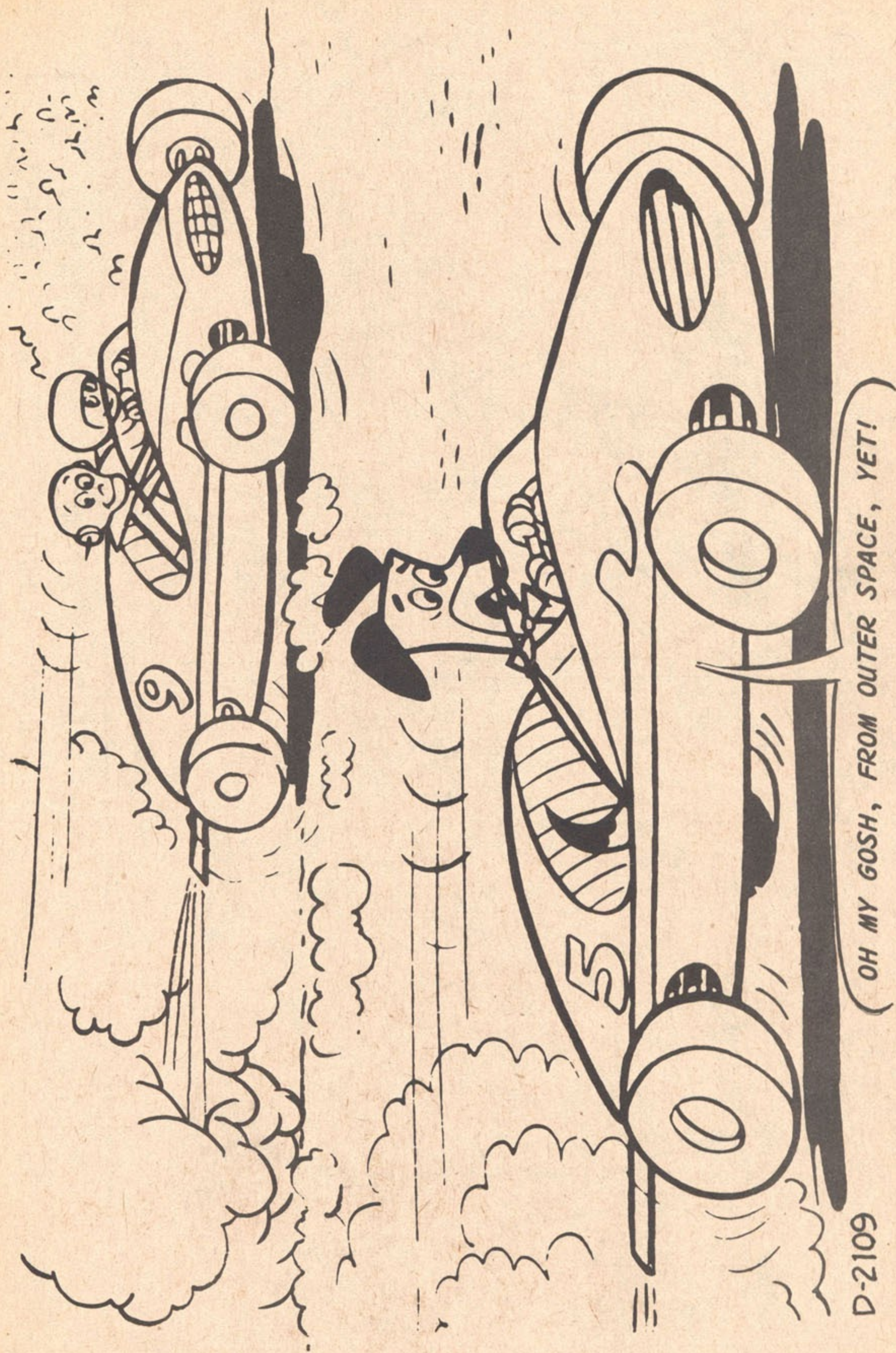
RAY
DIRGO





D-2108

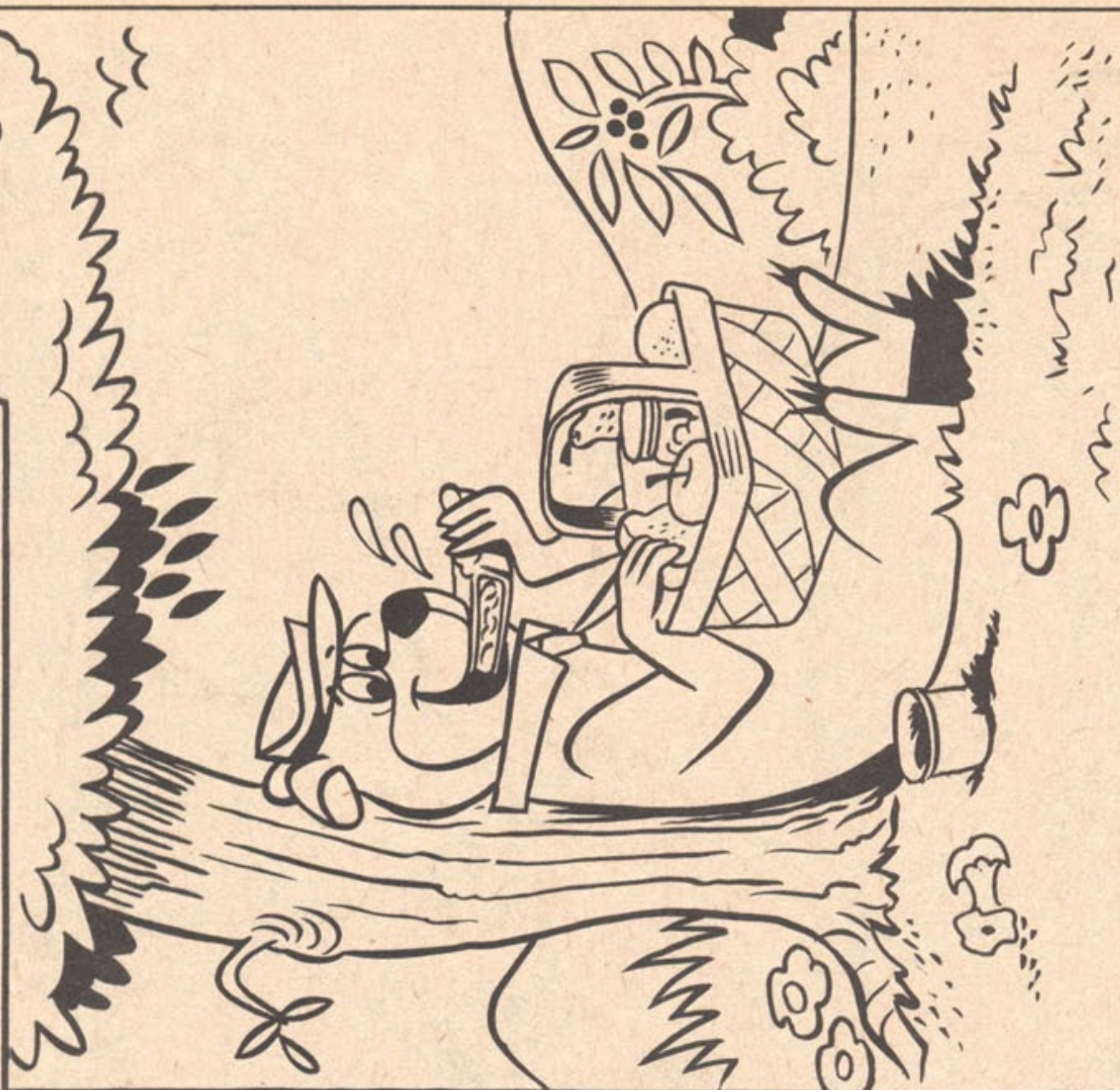
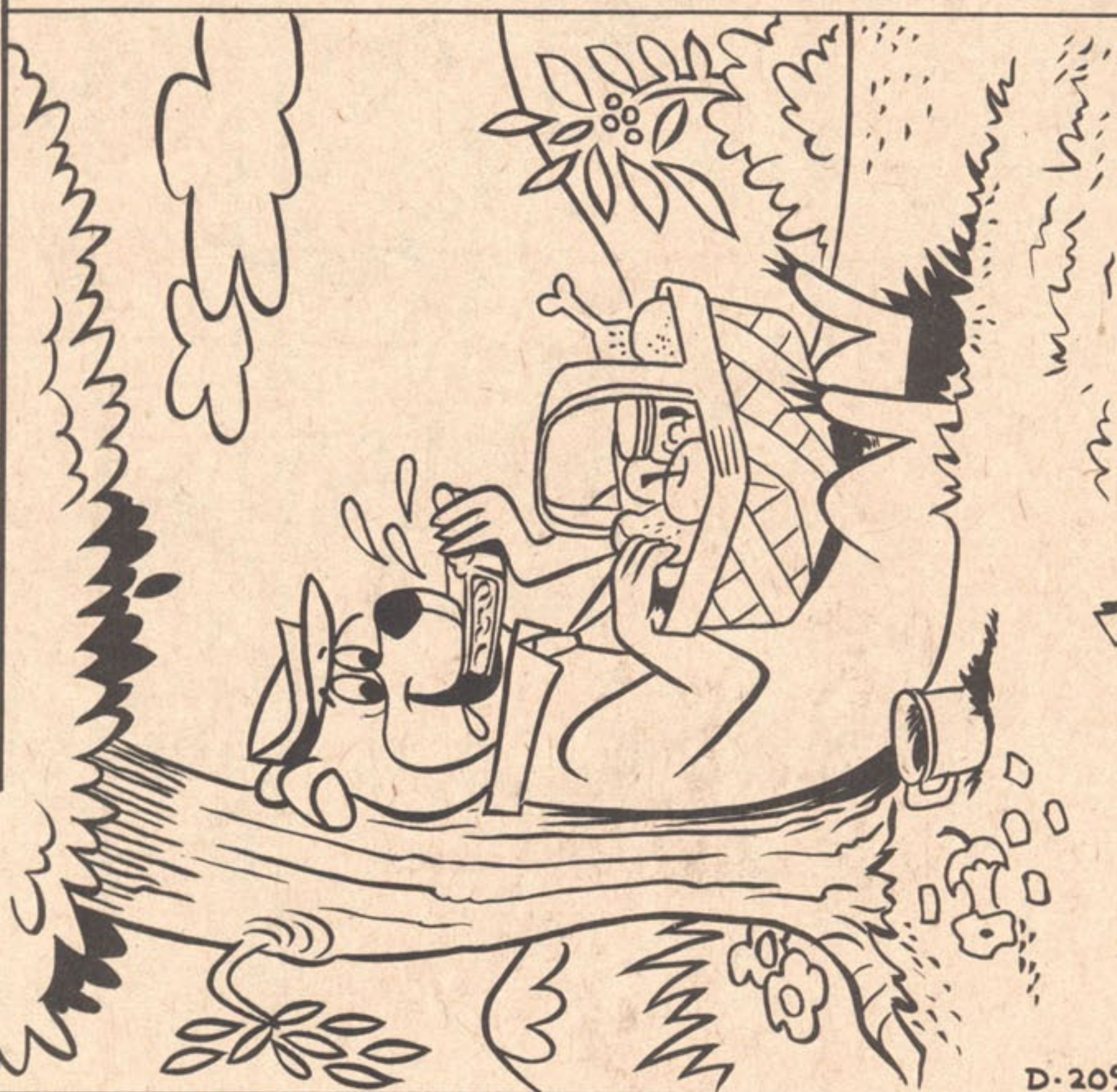
YOGI AND BOO BOO WHO?



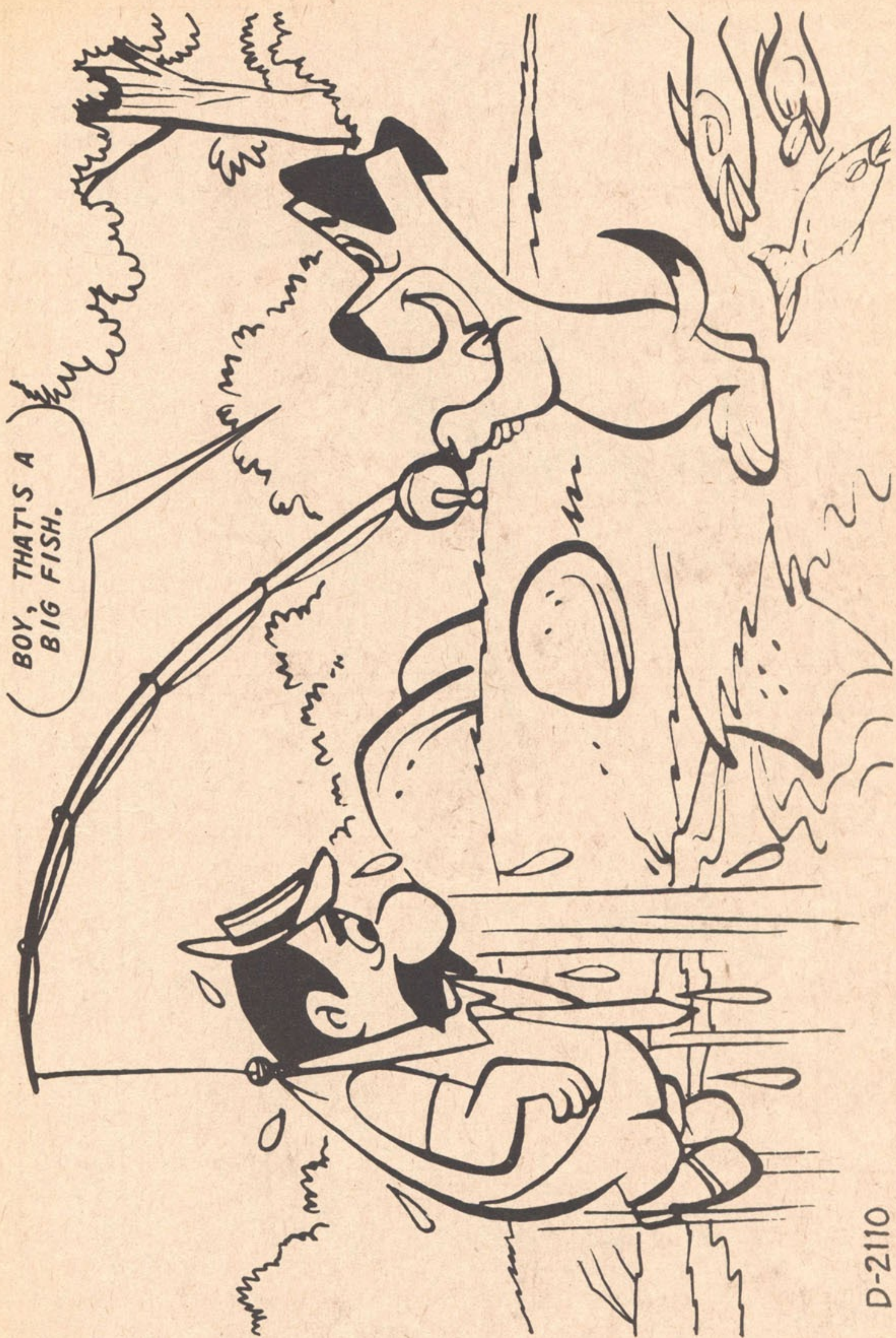
D-2109


(OH MY GOSH, FROM OUTER SPACE, YETI!

SEEING DOUBLE?



No! IF YOU LOOK SHARP YOU SHOULD FIND MANY CHANGES THAT SHOW IN ONE AND NOT THE OTHER!





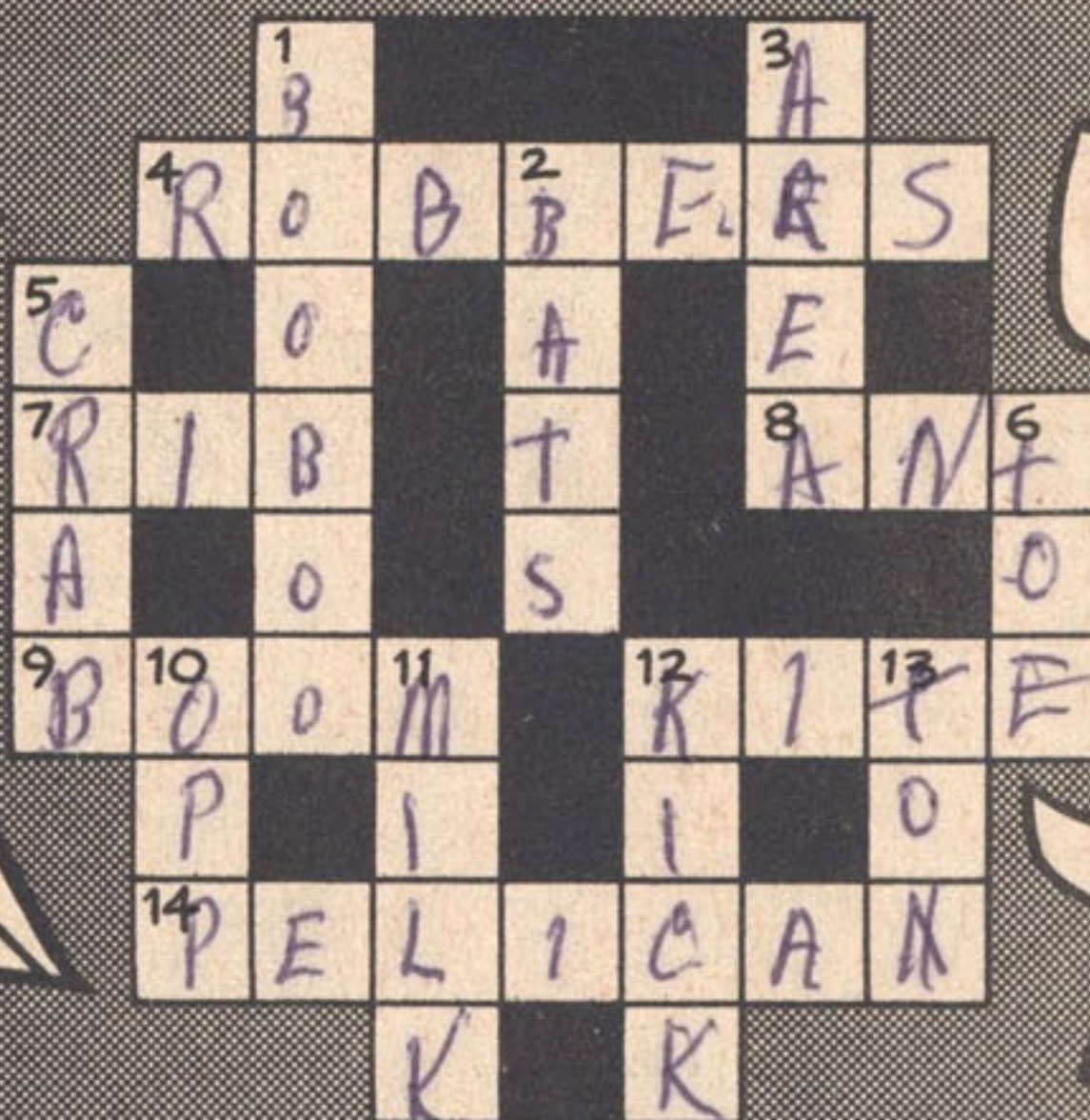
I FEEL A LOT SAFER
WITH THAT NET
THERE, BOO BOO!

D-1836

YOGI'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

YOU'RE IN MY CROSSWORD PUZZLE, BOO BOO!

I NEVER SAY A CROSS WORD, YOGI!

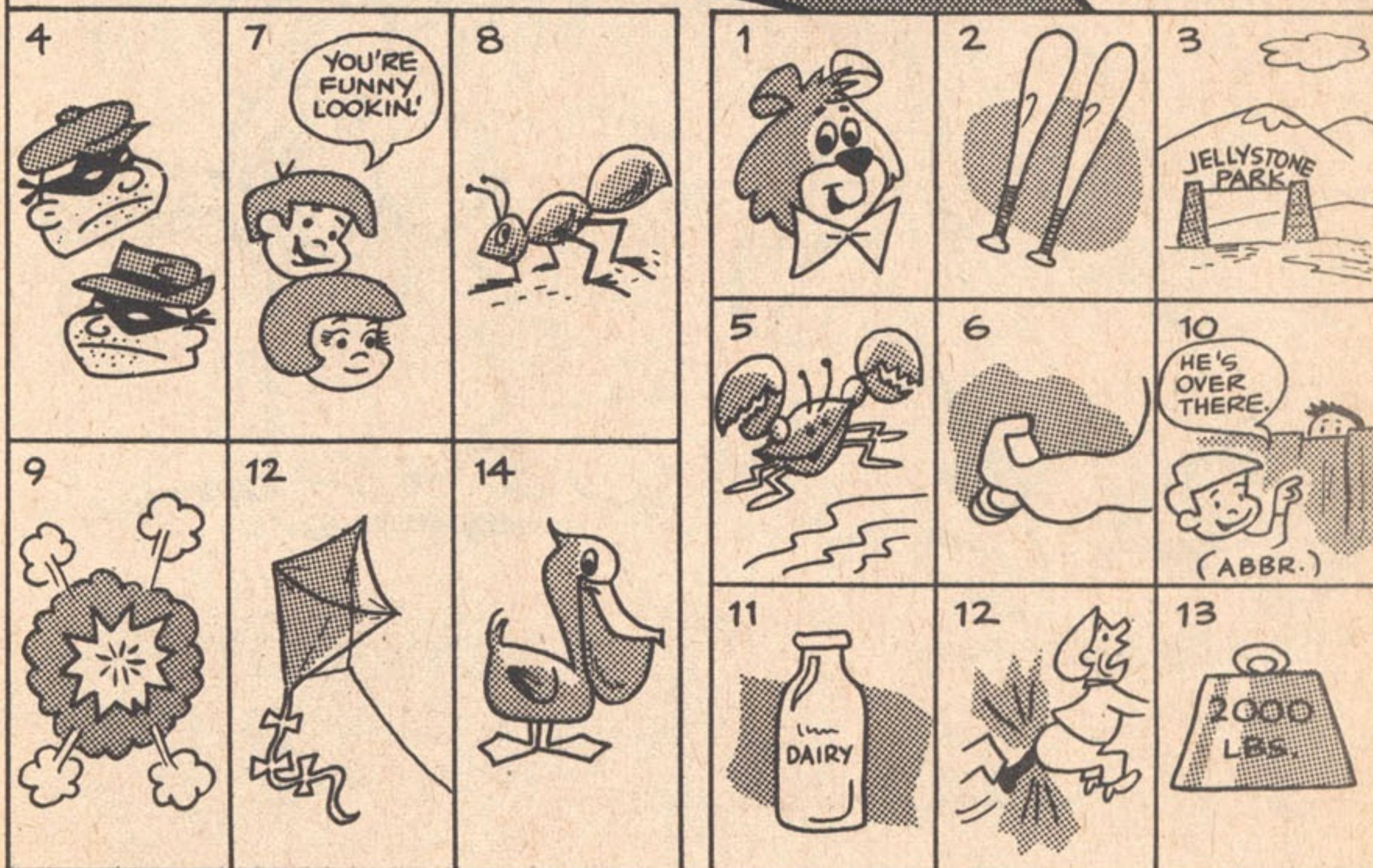


14. PELICAN
12. KITE
9. BOOM
7. RIB 8. ANT
4. ROBBERS

13. TON
11. MILK 12. KICK
6. TOE 10. OPP.
3. AREA 5. CRAB
1. BOO BOO 2. BATS

ACROSS

DOWN



THAT'S THE BOY, BOO BOO! EVERY LITTER BIT HURTS



YOGI, YOU SLEPT THROUGH THE BIG FREE MEAL! ALL THE BEARS HAD HONEY, CAKE, AND ICE CREAM, AS MUCH AS THEY COULD EAT!

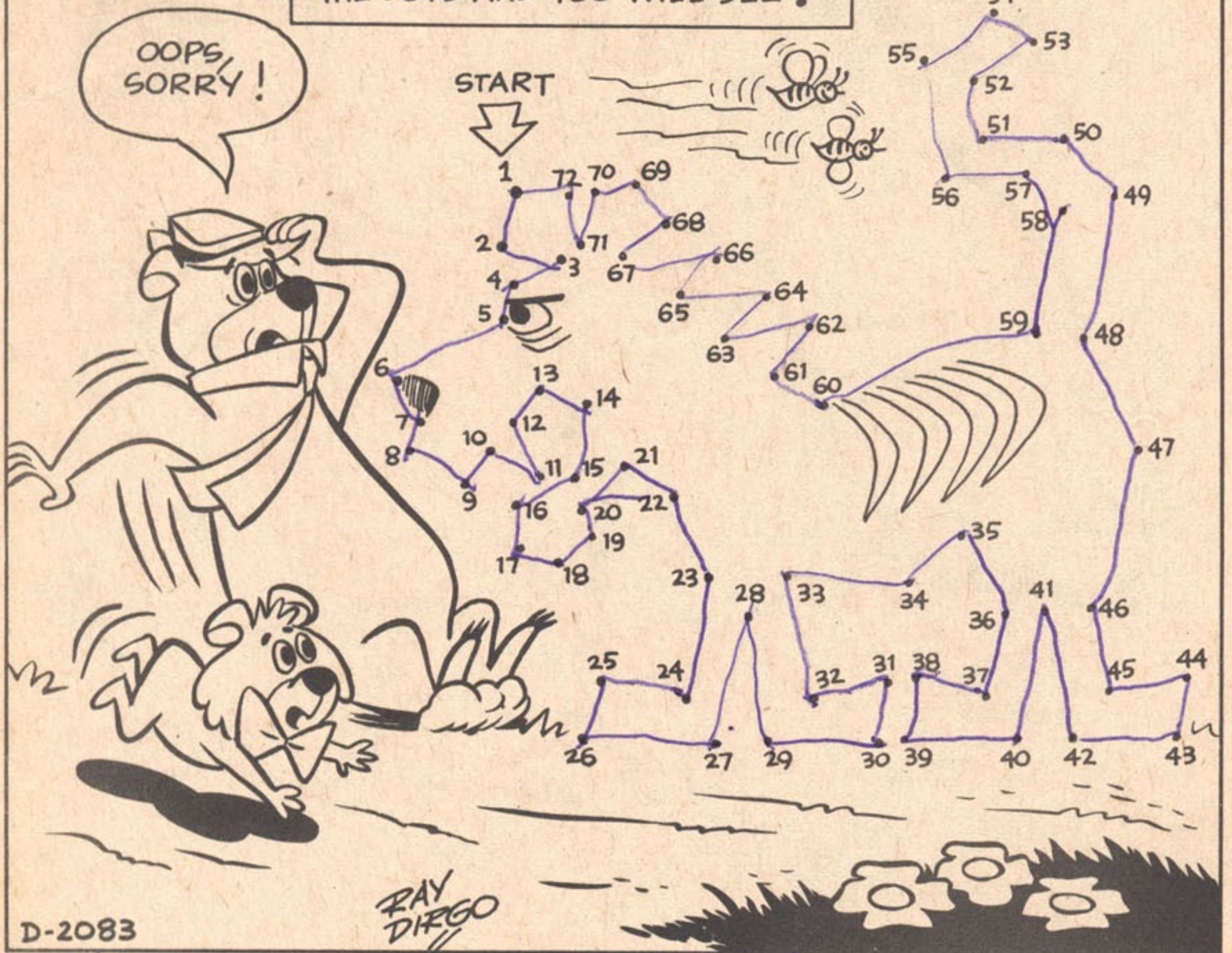


D-2112

BIG SURPRISE



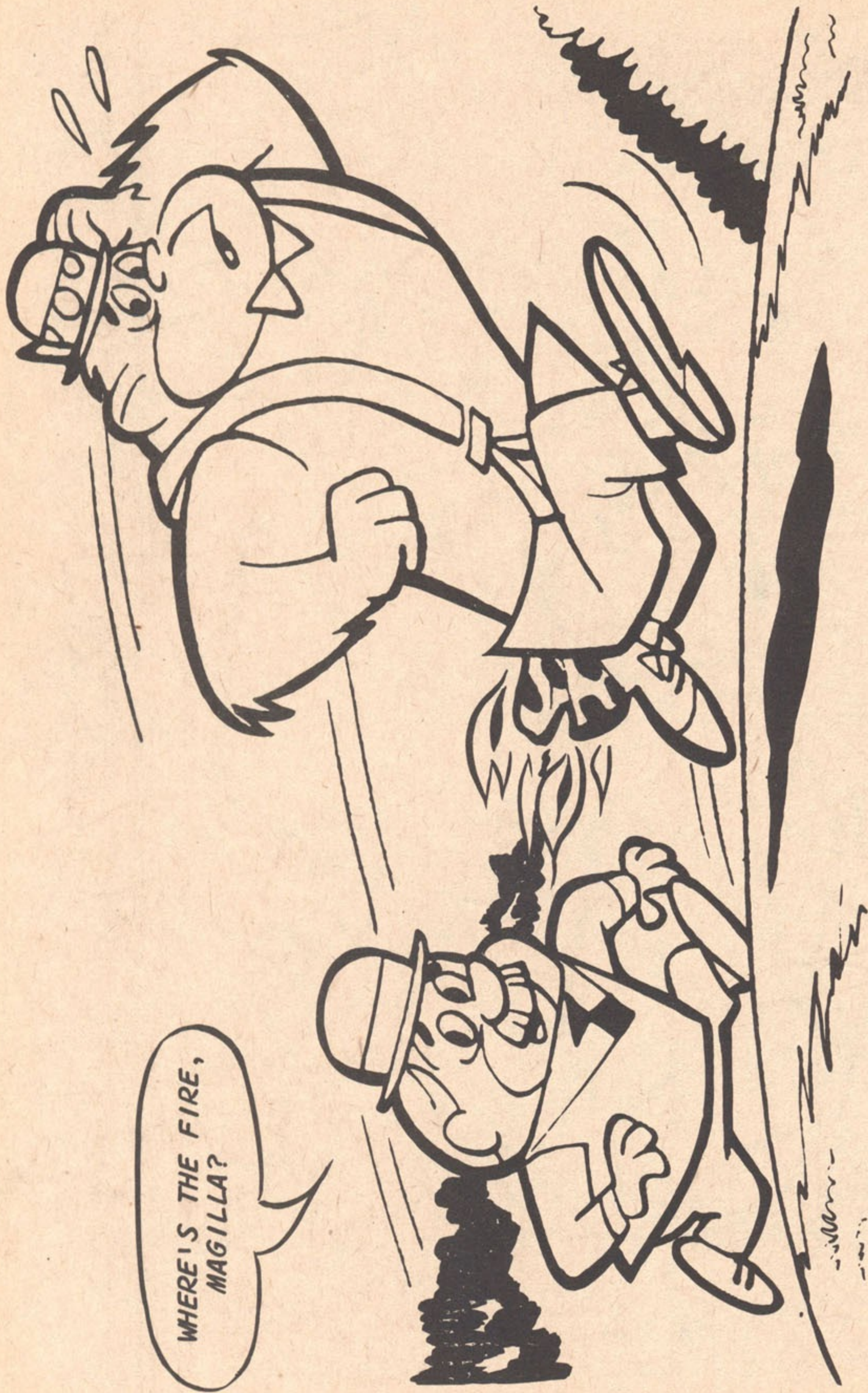
YOGI AND BOO BOO DIDN'T FIND ANY HONEY BUT SOMETHING ELSE ... FOLLOW THE DOTS AND YOU WILL SEE!





D-2100

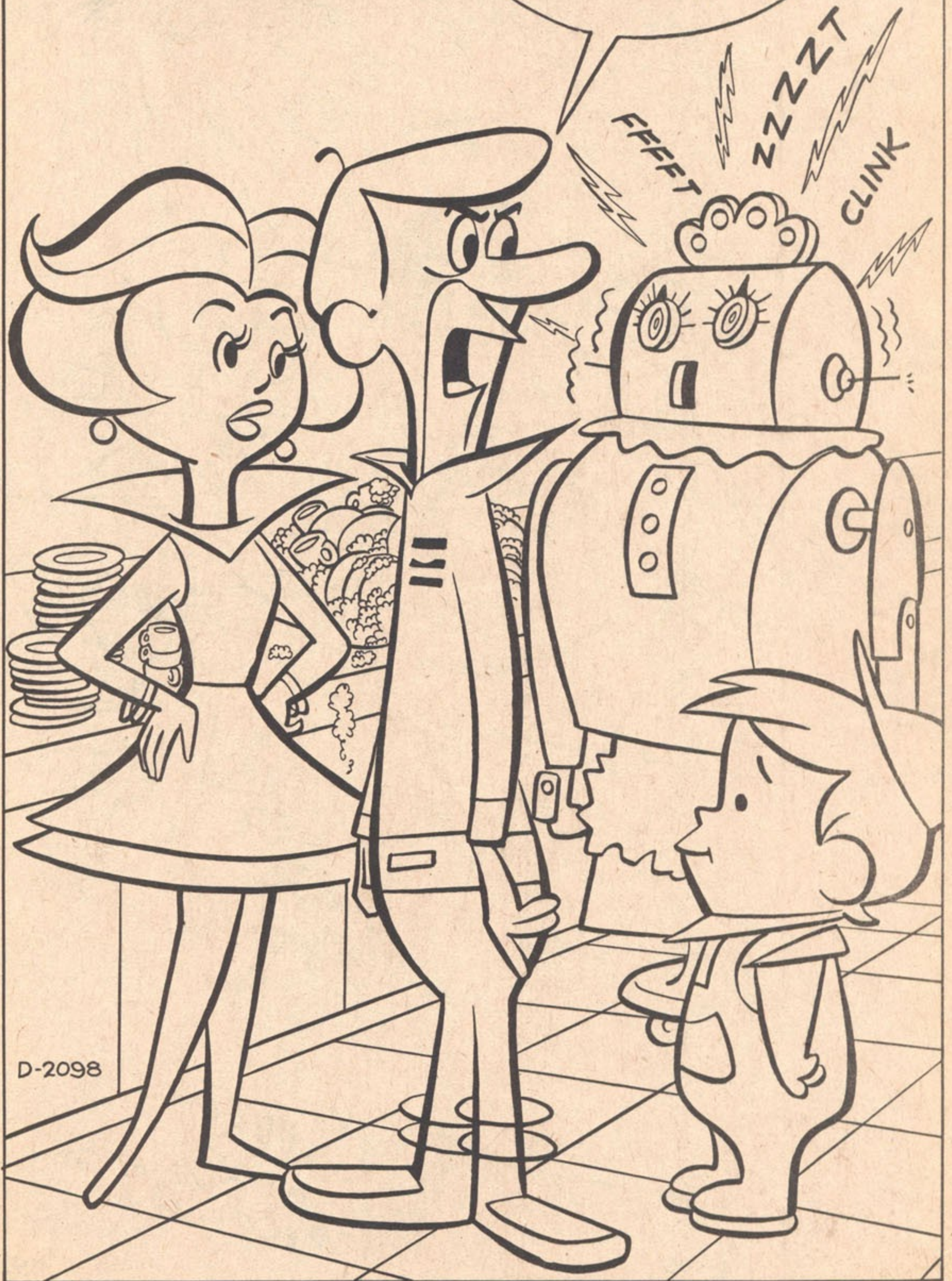
A BAD CASE OF "KNIGHT FRIGHT"



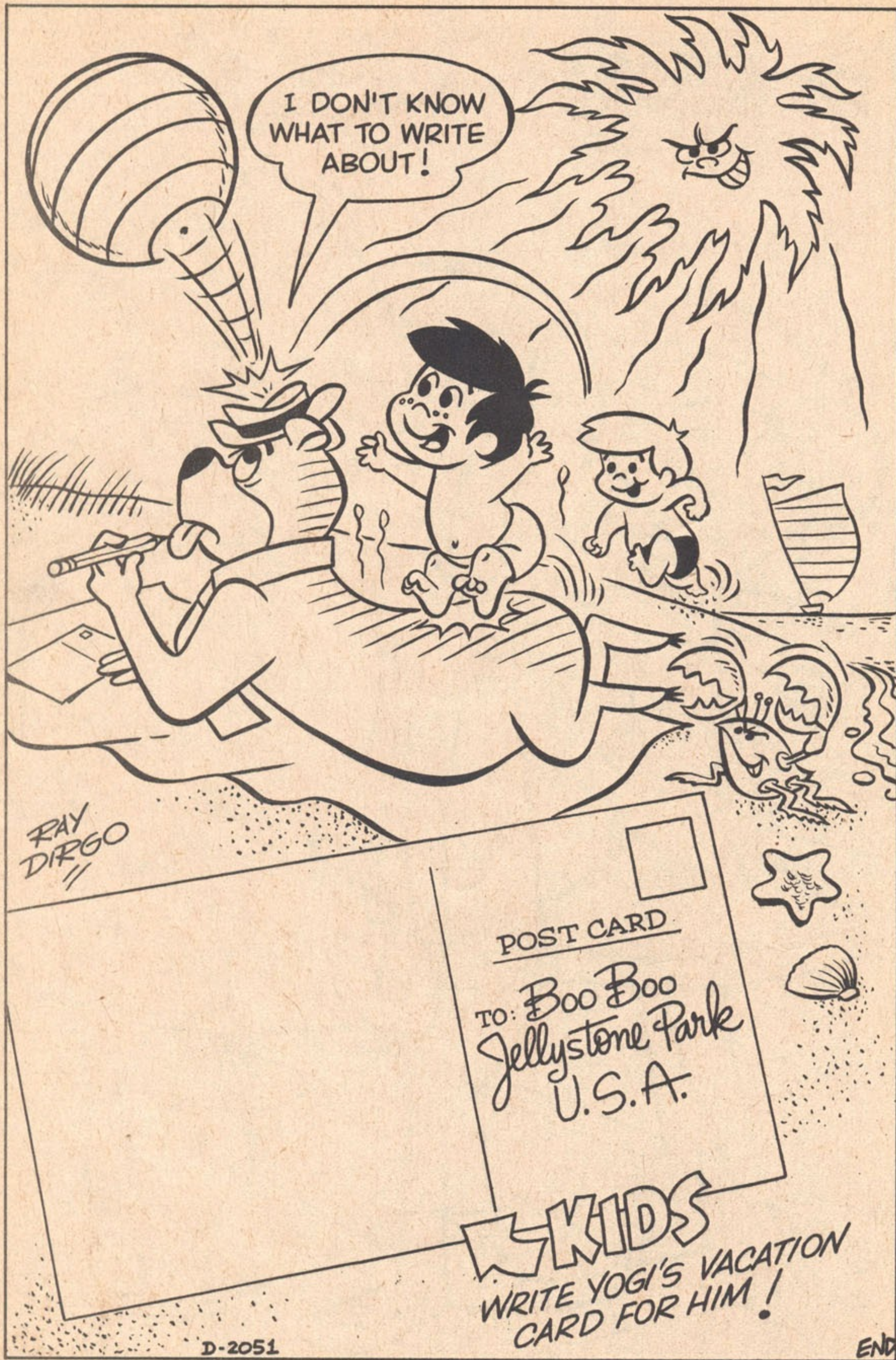
D-2113

THE VETSONS

HOW COME ROSEY
ONLY GETS A SHORT
CIRCUIT WHEN THERE'S
A SINK FULL OF
DISHES?!



D-2098



I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO WRITE
ABOUT!

RAY
DIRGO

POST CARD

TO: Boo Boo
Jellystone Park
U.S.A.

KIDS

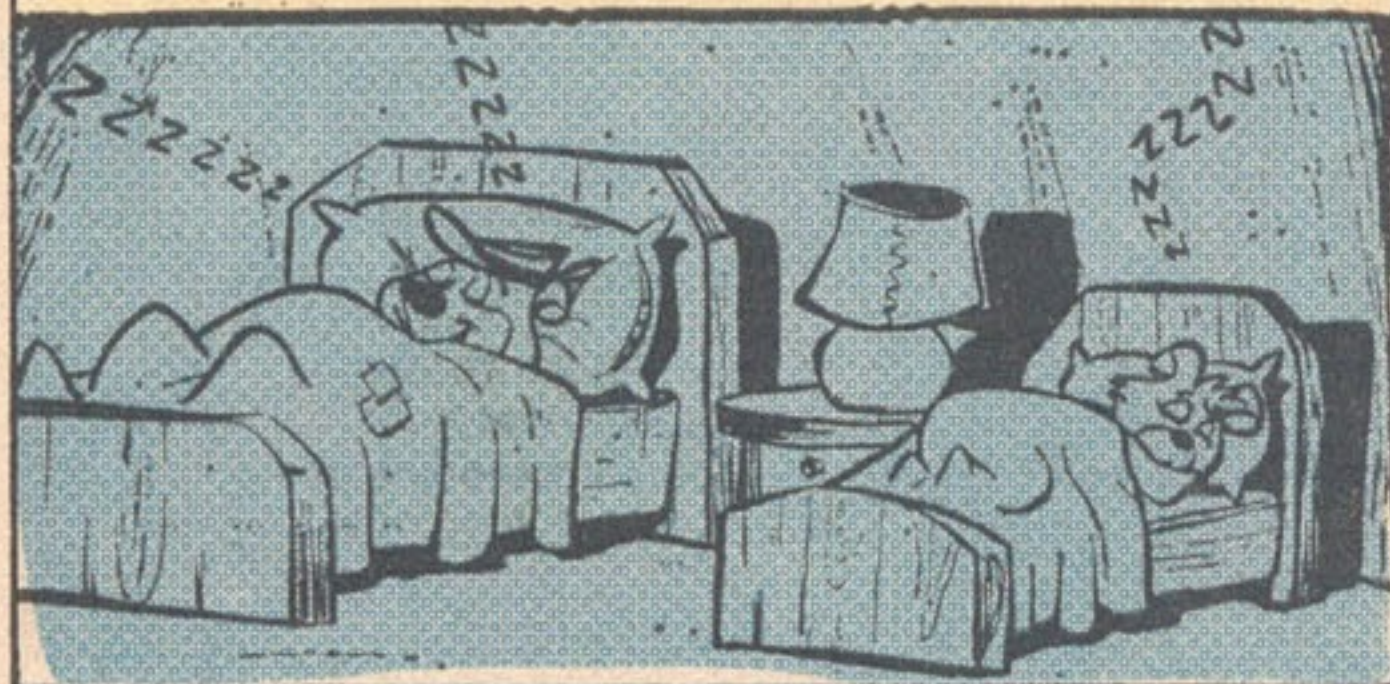
WRITE YOGI'S VACATION
CARD FOR HIM!

D-2051

END



YOGI AND BOO BOO ARE HIBERNATING BLISSFULLY. NOTHING DISTURBS THEIR SLUMBER.

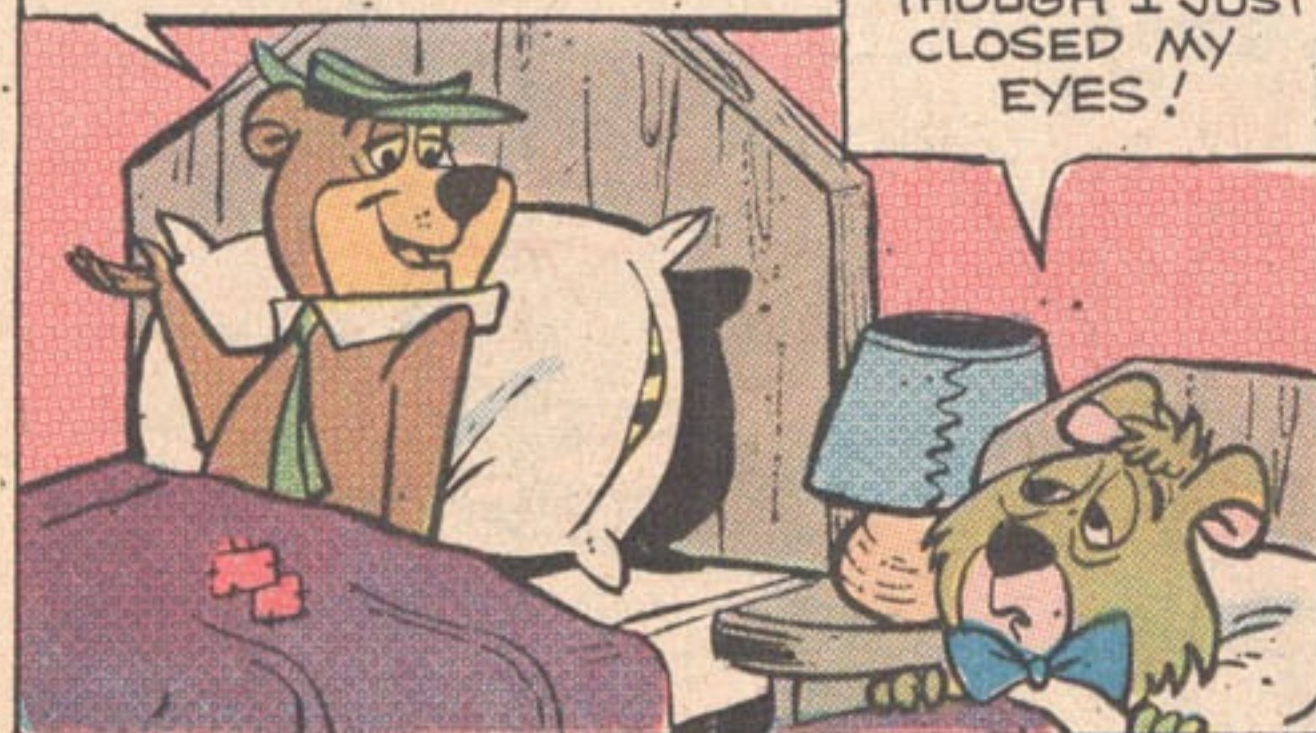


HOWEVER, SPRING ARRIVES. SPRING ALWAYS DOES AND THE SILENCE IS SHATTERED!



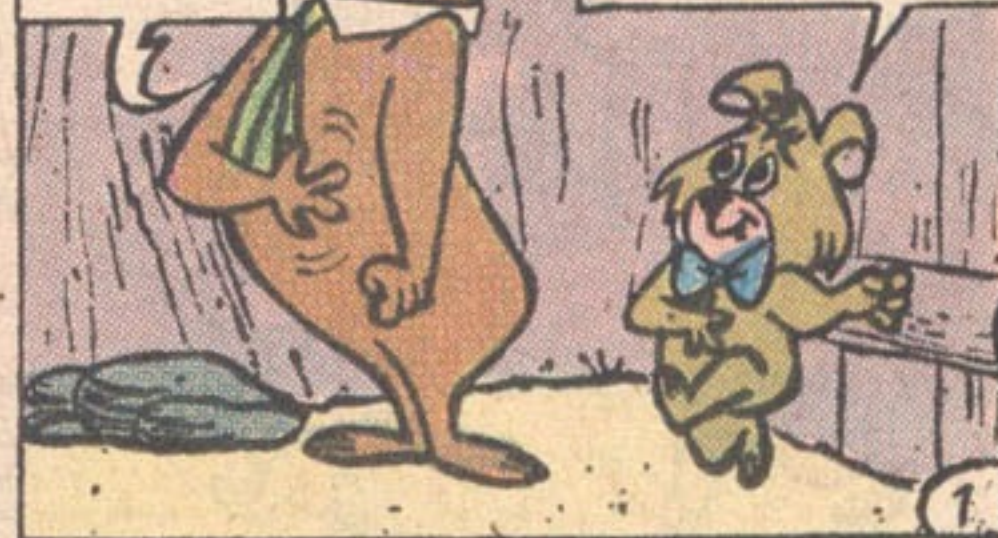
WAKE UP, BOO BOO! IT'S FIVE AFTER SPRINGTIME!

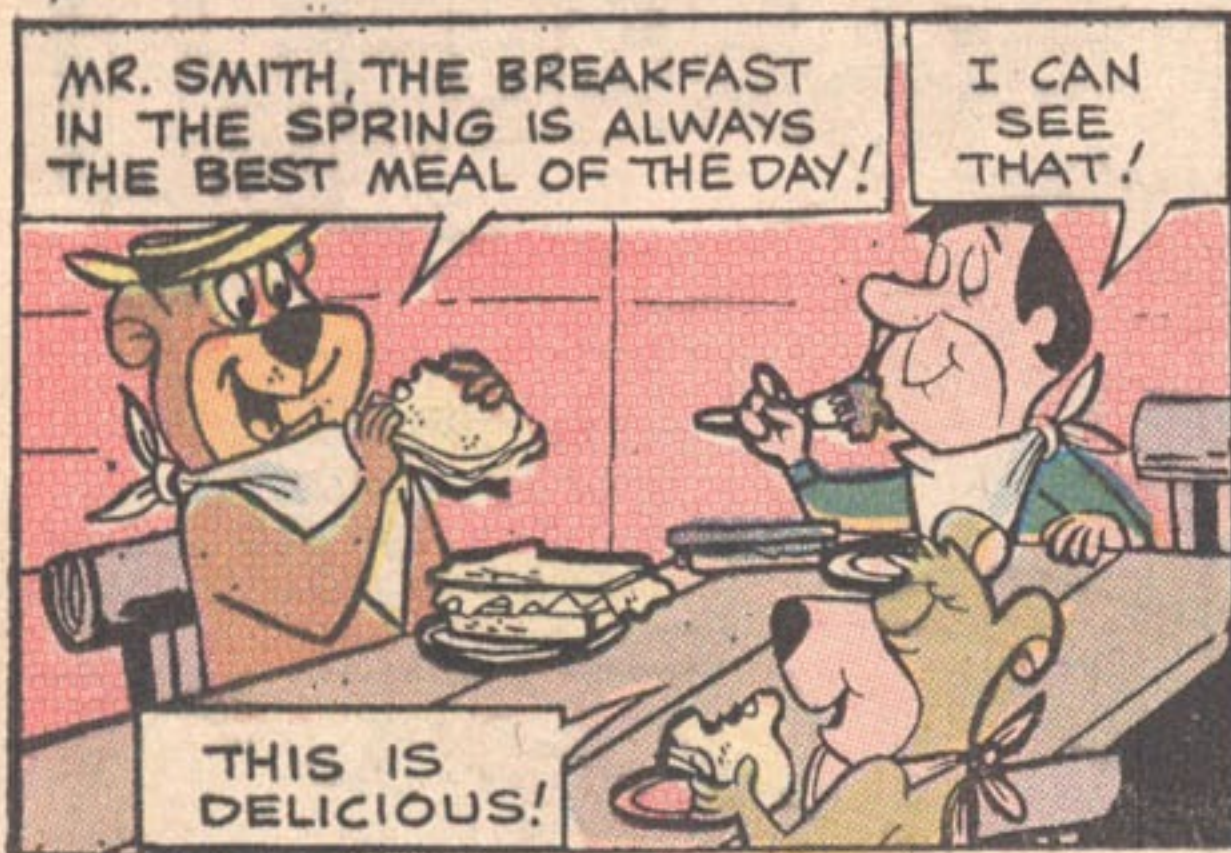
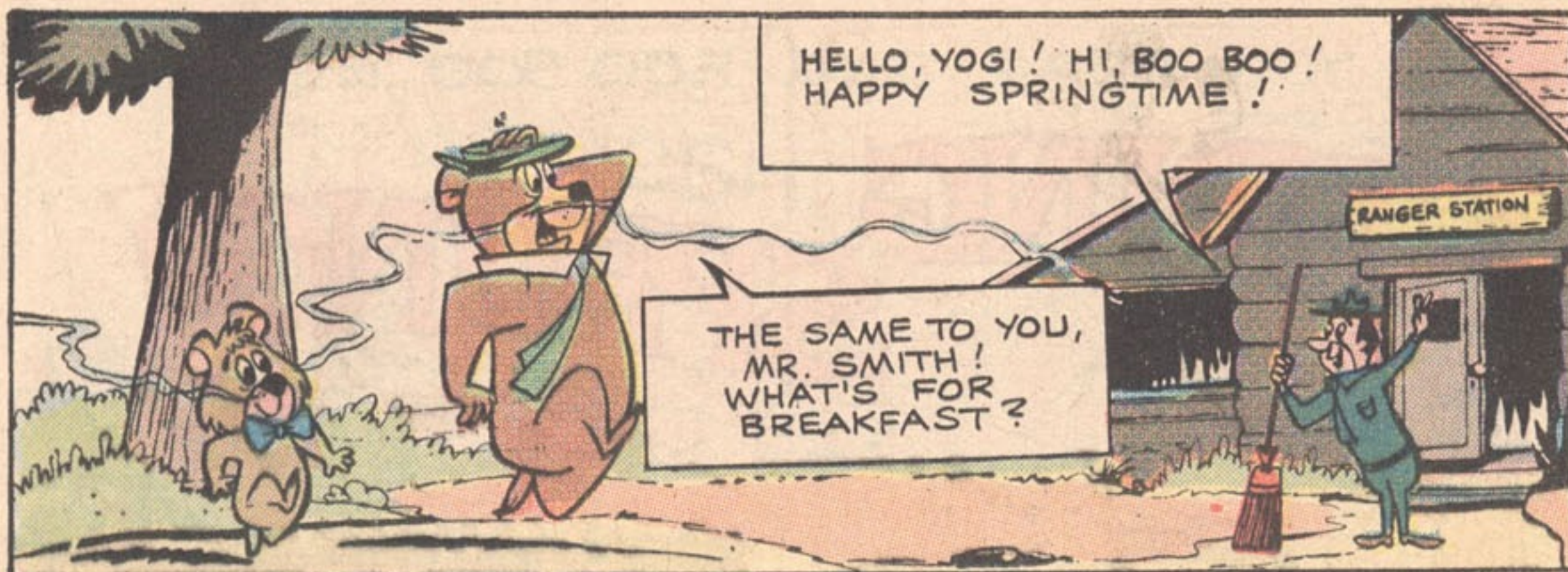
ALREADY? I FEEL AS THOUGH I JUST CLOSED MY EYES!



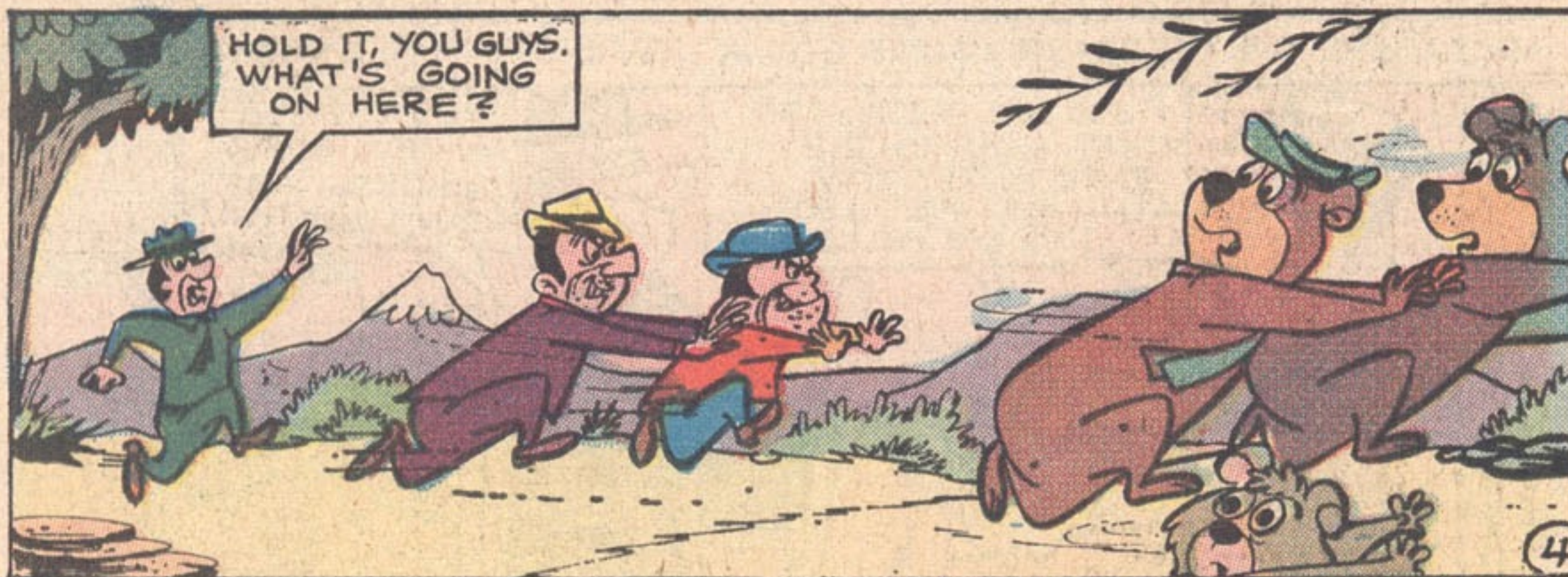
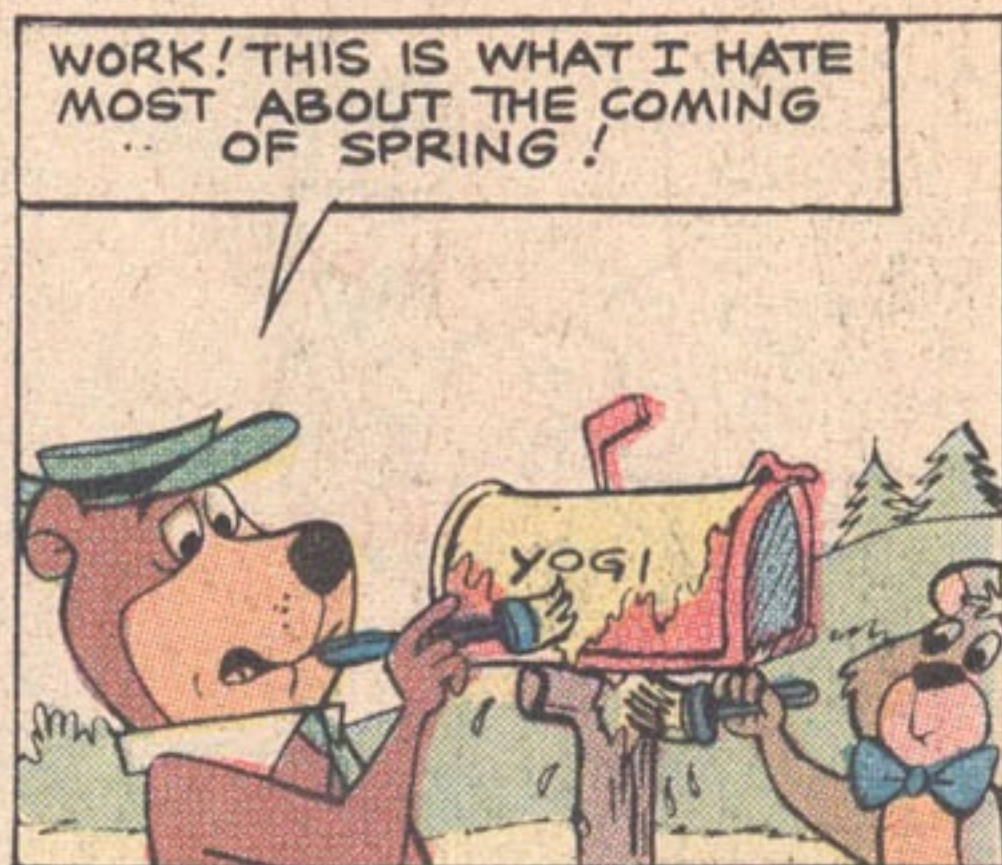
NOT ME! I'M WIDE AWAKE AND HUNGRY AS A BEAR!

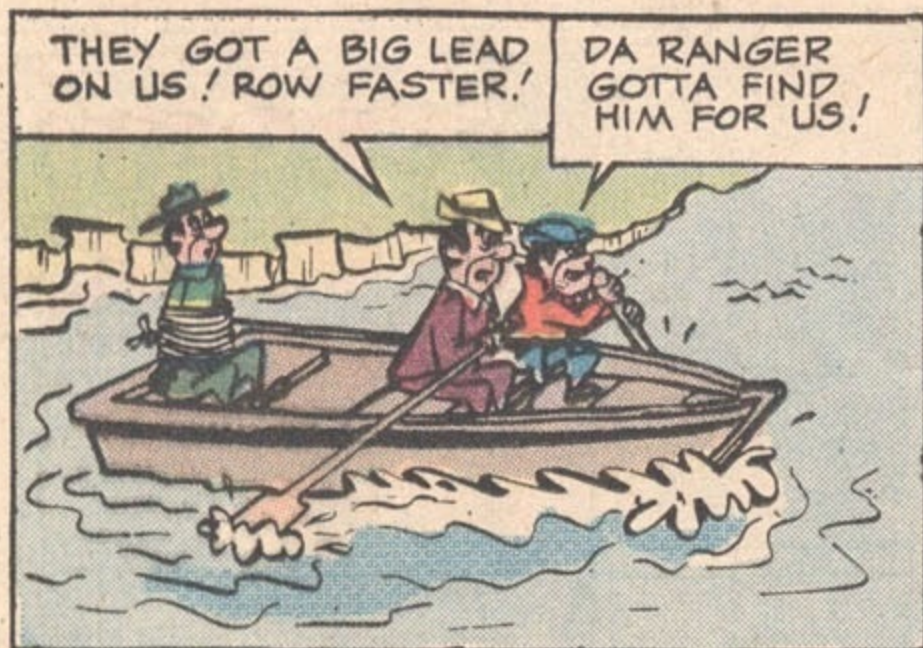
NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I COULD EAT A LITTLE MYSELF!

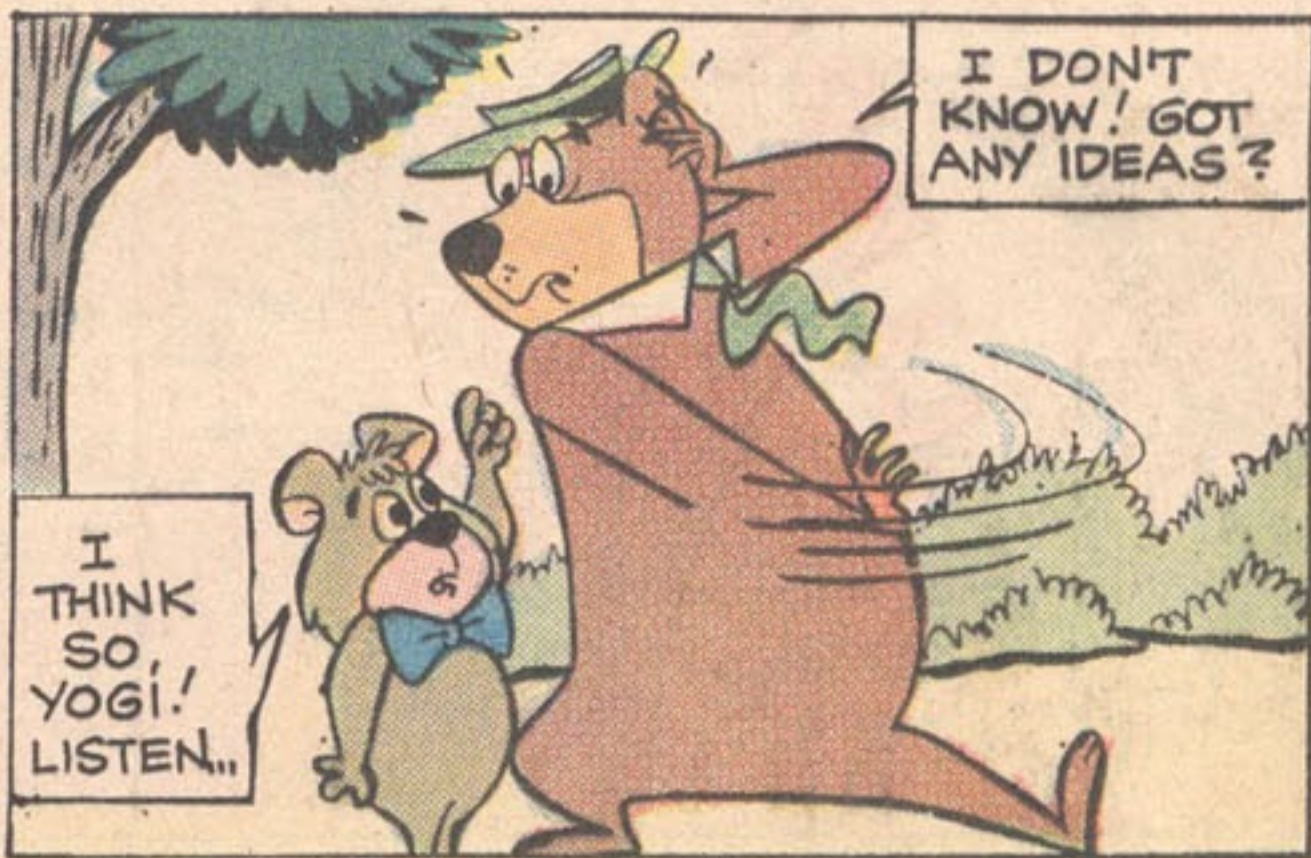


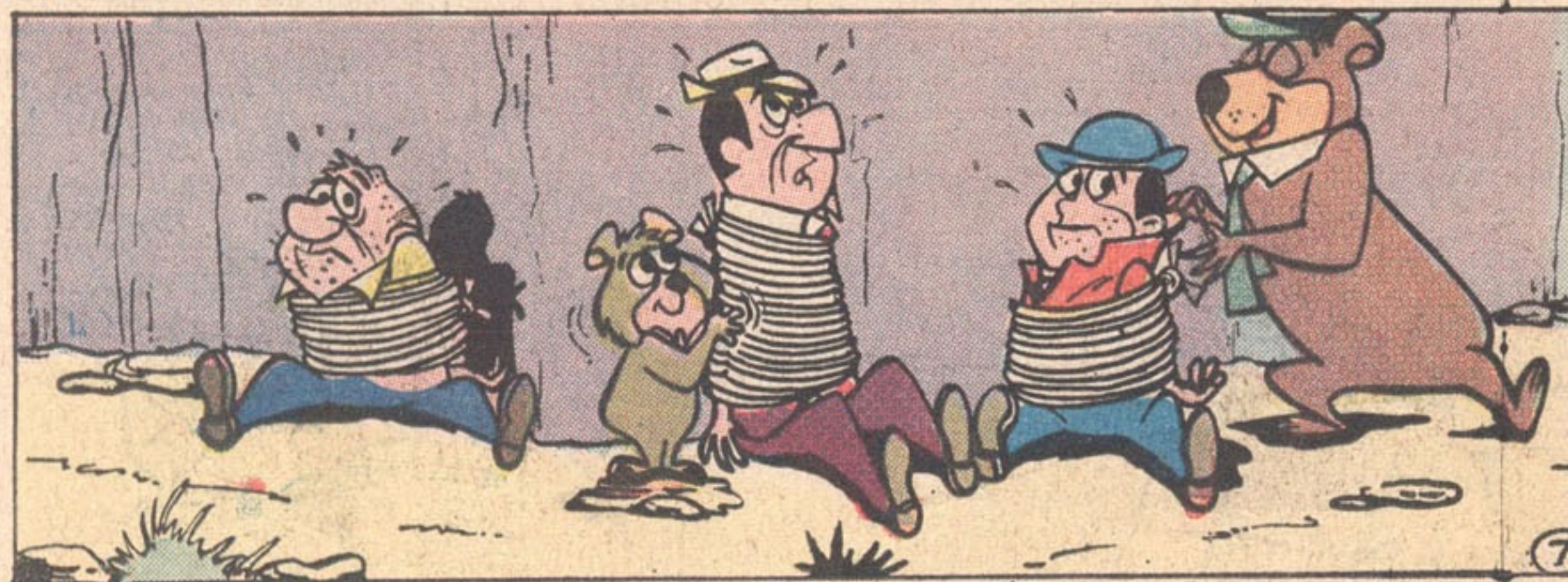
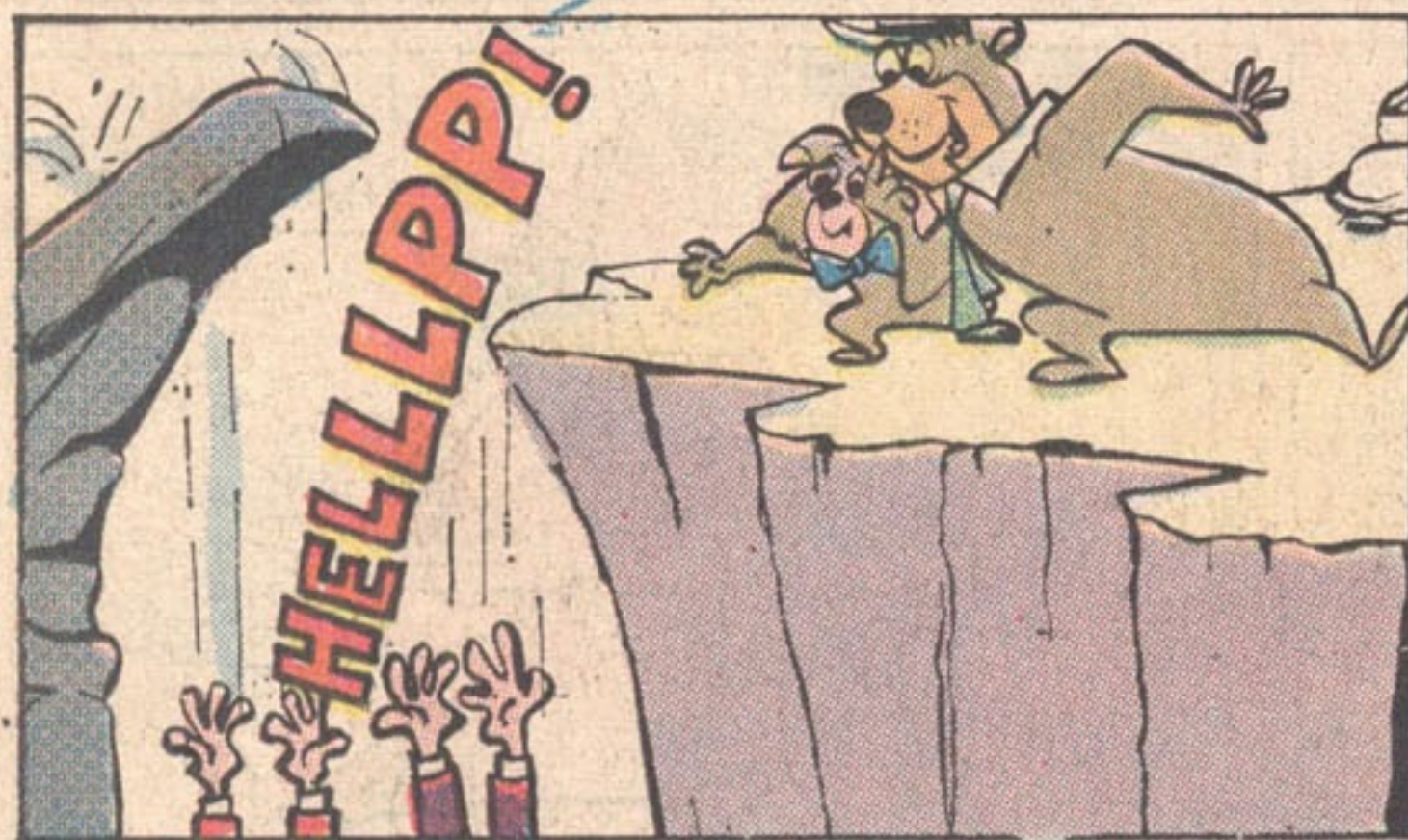
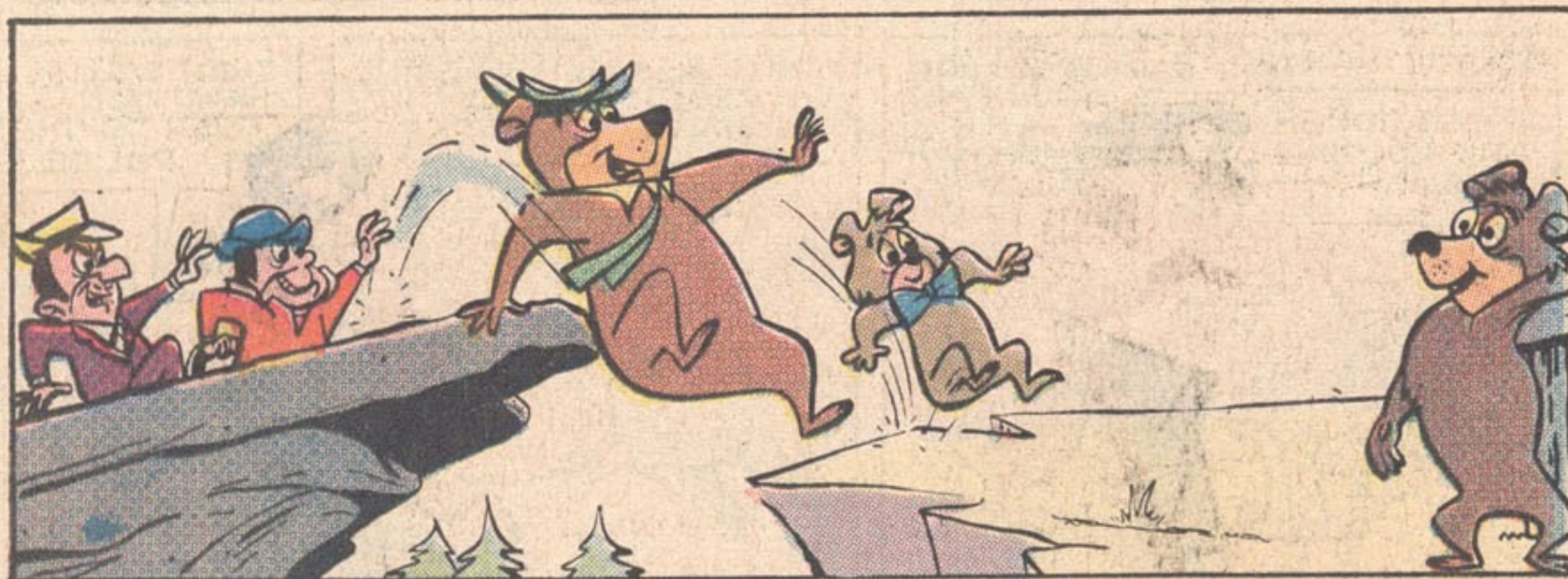














WE WERE ABOUT TO RESCUE YOU BUT
I SEE YOU HANDLED THE JOB
YOURSELVES!



YOU ARE VERY BRAVE, FELLOWS! THE
THREE MEN YOU CAPTURED ARE VERY
DANGEROUS
CHARACTERS!



THEY ROBBED THE BANK AND WE
COULDN'T FIND THEM...UNTIL NOW!



I'M GOING TO TELL THE BANK TO GIVE
THESE BRAVE FELLOWS A SUBSTANTIAL
REWARD!



THANK YOU, CHIEF. PLEASE SEE
THAT THE REWARD IS IN THE
FORM OF **FOOD**!



DAYS LATER...

HEY, BOO BOO, WE WON'T HUNT FOR FOOD
FOR A WHOLE MONTH!



End

"CAN'T BEAT BILLY"

Mr. Bernard Wilson, principal of P.S. 46, was a tired and discouraged man. In three years he would be able to retire.

"I want to find and buy a desert island," he would tell his friends. "No more parents and no more students. All I want to do is absolutely nothing. Just stretch out my feet and let the sun come down on my head."

After two months of futile effort he had been able to get Mrs. Helen Jackson, the mother of Billy Jackson, to come to school. And it was the report card that was sent to her that did the trick. At the given moment she was in the principal's office. And so was her darling son.

"I don't understand this report card," she admitted. "And I finished elementary school, high school, and college."

"What is it you don't understand about it?" questioned the principal with a slight touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"My son received 20% in American History; 15% in Spelling; 5% in Grammar; 2% in Arithmetic; 4% in Geography; 0 in Conduct; and 100% in effort. How is that possible? He failed everything yet he gets 100% in effort."

"The explanation is simple," began the principal. "Never in this school have we ever had a student like you son. Who worked so hard to fail. And for this effort he received 100%. Simple, isn't it. Before we discuss school work, let us look at his conduct record. I have a copy of it on my desk. Suppose you ask him why he put chewing gum on Matilda Harrison's hair?"

"She had it coming to her, mother," said an energetic Billy Jackson. "She and that long hair of hers. Every time she was on line in front of me, know what she did? She swung it right into my mouth. Boy, oh boy, the stuff she puts on her hair has a lousy taste. I even offered to get her a ribbon. For five cents of my money I could get her one in Benny's Bargain Basement on Third Street. She refused my good offer. So she got what was coming to her. I won't lie to you, mother."

Mr. Bernard Wilson sighed. He went to the next item on the conduct list.

"Do you know he put a mouse in Francine Mal-

ler's lunch box?" he told the mother.

"A real live mouse?" said the mother with an air of disbelief. "That's impossible."

"You are right, mother," said her darling little son. "I bought a rubber one in Max's Magic Store on Main Street. The crook. He raised his prices. Used to be only ten cents. Raised it to fifteen cents. They should get the government after him. She had it coming to her. Always telling the boys and girls in our class how brave she is. Afraid of nothing. Got me sick and tired listening to her boast. Maybe Jimmy believed her. No wonder. He's kind of sweet on her. Well, you should have seen how scared she was when she opened the lunch box. It was worth the money I paid for that rubber mouse. From being the No. 1 brave woman in our class she is now the No. 1 coward woman. If you can call her a woman. I think she's a spoiled brat. The next time you see her mother, tell her what I think of her daughter. Will you, mother?"

The principal began to have a feeling he was on the losing side of the team. With forced courage he came to the next item on his list.

"Do you know what he did to his wonderful teacher, Mrs. Theresa Blake?" questioned the principal.

"It really wasn't my fault," explained the son. "I'm not going to get my best friend in trouble. She couldn't find her pen. So into my hand a pen was shoved. I raised my hand. Told her I had an extra pen. I gave it to her. First time she ever smiled at me. Didn't even thank me. How was I to know when she took the cap off it would explode and make a noise. Gee, was she mad."

"I could go on all day," admitted a tired principal. "Now what are you going to do about it?"

The mother got up from her chair. Embraced her son and then gave her verdict.

"You are going to get that new pair of ice skates you want," she told her offspring. Look, Mr. Wilson, where can you find such an honest boy. Like General George Washington. He could have lied. But he told the truth. Are you lucky to have him in your school."

A Change of Mind

RAY
DIRGO

D-2048

WE'RE IN A RUT,
BOO BOO! WHAT WE
NEED IS A VACATION!

YEAH,
WHERE WILL
WE GO, YOGI?

WE CAN GO TO
THE BIG CITY,
BOO BOO!

NAH! WE'LL HAVE
TO DODGE ALL THAT
HEAVY TRAFFIC!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BOO BOO,
AND THE SMOG WILL
BURN OUR EYES!

LET'S GO
TO THE
SEA SHORE!

THE BEACHES ARE
SO CROWDED YOU
CAN'T SEE THE OCEAN!

YOU KNOW
SOMETHIN',
YOGI?

...I LIKE
STAYIN' IN
A RUT!

YEAH!

END

Yogi BEAR ^{IN} GONE FISHIN'!!

